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Memorably
BRIGHTON

IN AN

UPROAR;

COMPRISING

ANECDOTES

OF

**TIMOTHY FLIGHT, Mr. ABRAHAM, SOLOMONS,
ALIAS MODISH AND FAMILY, &c. &c. &c.**

A NOVEL,

Founded on Facts,

BY H. M. MORIARTY.

“ Truths like these
“ Will none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please.”

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

London :

**PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR, 29, VILLIER'S-
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1811.



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BRIGHTON

IN AN

UPROAR.

CHAP. I.

“ Neither man nor angels can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil which walks
Invisible, except to God alone.
By his permissive will through heaven and earth;
And oft though wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.”

TO do justice, in describing the family
of the Modishes, is indeed a most ardu-
ous task, for they were all persons of

surprising ability and perseverance. Mr. Modish was originally a Jew, his name Abraham Solomons. He was a lawyer, and after some years practice in that respectable profession, found it convenient, for the advancement of his family, or probably for some wise reason, which he did not think proper to divulge, to drop the name of Solomons, and adopt the modern appellation of Modish. He had, most fortunately, met with a lucrative client in Mrs. Quadrupted, a lady of large fortune, who trusted all her concerns to his care; and he was so diligent in her service, that, to the astonishment of every one, in a short time he amassed a sufficient sum to enable him to take a house near Blackfriars Bridge, to purchase carriages, horses, a country residence, and all that the heart of man could wish. There were, however, some persons who did not scruple to say that Mr. Abraham Modish was a *wolf* in sheep's clothing; but, as the ways of

omnipotence are inscrutable to human eyes, it oftentimes appears to weak mortals that the best people are overtaken with unforeseen calamities, while the wicked thrive and prosper. So it happened with Mr. Abraham Modish, for all of a sudden, the town and country houses, carriages, and horses, were disposed of, and no one knew what was become of the family of the Modishes. Nevertheless, when their names were mentioned, persons would give signifying nods and winks.—“They had no doubt but Mr. Abraham Modish had cogent reasons for removing in a hurry. Poor Mrs. Quadruped! she was certainly an object of pity, who from having a fortune of seventy thousand pounds, had not only been reduced to great indigence, but absolutely obliged to abscond.”—And, it was the general opinion, that Mr. Abraham Modish had accompanied his client, as he preferred visiting the Continent by his own desire,

probably thinking, that if sent there, he might not be appointed to the situation he liked. Certain, however, it was, that to the great loss of society and his numerous friends and admirers, for some years he did not shew himself. He certainly was not a man of gallantry, therefore, persons who knew him, were not surprised at hearing that he had left Mrs. Quadruped in a strange land, or that he had felt such humanity for her, that to prevent her being exposed to danger, he had taken charge of all her jewels and other valuables, the wreck of her immense fortune. No doubt he did this with the best intention, for he knew the world, and felt that the wicked and the worthless could not withstand such temptations, and he probably secured them for Mrs. Quadruped's heirs. After a lapse of many years, this bright luminary, Mr. Abraham Modish, his wife, two sons, and one daughter, were discovered in a small house in the neigh-

bourhood of Islington, but so far from being in affluence, they appeared to be in a very humble sphere. This residence had no superfluities, as the inventory proves :

“ A bed without a curtain,
A broken jar to empty dirt in,
A candlestick, a greasy night cap,
A spitting pot to catch what might hap ;
Two stockings, darn'd with numerous stitches,
A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches,
A three leg'd stool, a four leg'd table,
Were fill'd with books unfit for rabble.”

In this obscure retreat were buried the transcendent talents of Mr. Abraham Modish, his wife, two sons, who have already been mentioned, and their daughter ; for in all Mr. Abraham Modish's travels he had not had the good fortune to meet with another client like Mrs. Quadruped. Why or wherefore, the writer of these anecdotes cannot determine, but so it assuredly was, that although no

one disputed the great abilities possessed by the males of this family, every one acknowledging that they were uncommonly clever in their profession, yet no person seemed inclined to intrude on their leisure, and wonderful to relate, these superlative geniuses were compelled to go from house to house, to beg employment from solicitors; but as few of these gentlemen would confide in them, their income was so limited that they could not procure those luxuries for which they languished. The second son, Mr. Symphony Modish, had great talents, both for haberdashery and music, and of the two he certainly excelled in the former; he understood ribbons in perfection, and his appearance was such as would have entitled him to the epithet of a smart shop-boy; but his sister being a young lady of great pride, and wonderful elegance, objected to the haberdashery business, as degrading; she indeed felt great repugnance to his teaching

music, but of the two, this she thought less exceptionable, and Symphony Modish was put apprentice to a master of that profession, and at a proper time was sent to Brighton, to make connections, which might assist him in his musical talents. At this period a person was much wanted to tune instruments by the gentleman who kept the library on the Marine Parade, and Mr. Symphony Modish succeeded to the employment. The situation procured him a few scholars, and as he taught at a reduced price, he was employed at a few of the small seminaries. Chance, it was supposed, directed Mr. Symphony Modish's steps to Sir Timothy Flight's, to harmonize the Baronet's forte piano; but the scandalous world said that he was sent into Sussex, on purpose to get introduced to Sir Timothy, as it was generally known, he was passionately fond of music. If such was really the motive of his being sent to Brighton, it fully answered his most sanguine expect

tations, for he was a little insignificant being, who would prove useful to a young man of fashion ; as he could run errands, talk scandal, tye Miss Shark's sash, wash her lap-dog, or do any other dirty work that was required. With these accomplishments he soon got a footing in the Baronet's house, which was a subject of great joy to Mr. Abraham Modish ; but as he was a wise man, and paid great attention to old adages, he thought two strings to his bow better than one ; he therefore sent his eldest son to visit his brother in Brighton ; and in a few posts the old couple and their elegant daughter were agreeably surprised at hearing that they had obtained Sir Timothy Flight as a client.

Mr. Alexander Modish had nothing in his person or manner to recommend him, as assuredly Dame Nature had been niggardly in her bounty to him ; but he was sensible, well educated, and, when

he chose to exert his abilities, was a most agreeable companion; therefore it was not astonishing that he should gain the confidence and friendship of the Baronet. Now the next thing to be done was to account to Sir Timothy for the miserable establishment of Mr. Abraham Modish's family; but, as has been already observed, Mr. Modish had very superior abilities, and great discernment: he soon found the weak side of Sir Timothy; therefore, when the old gentleman was introduced to his new client, he regretted that he was not in a situation to pay him that attention which he ardently wished to do; but he had experienced very great misfortunes, and he wept—"ye gods, how he did weep!" The humane and generous Baronet was shocked at seeing an old man shed tears: he entreated him to be comforted, and requested to be informed of the nature of those griefs under which he laboured, as, if possible, he would assist him. Mr. Abraham Mo-

dish, after several sobs, hums, and ha's, said that his beloved wife was a West Indian ; that she was a lady of great family, and possessed an ample fortune, which, with his business, used to support them in that style of elegance to which they had been accustomed from their infancy ; but of late years West India property had decreased in value so considerably, and having himself been confined for six years with repeated indispositions, added to which (but it was repugnant to his feelings to mention the event which had nearly ruined them), he had been so foolish, for he never could bear to see people in distress, to be bound in the sum of six thousand pounds for a friend, and he ungenerously had left Mr. Abraham Modish to discharge the debt. All these afflictions had incapacitated him for business ; and as Mrs. Modish had great family pride, it had nearly broke her heart that Symphony Modish should lower himself to teach

music; but he was an amiable young man, had a tender heart, and, unknown to the family, had engaged to assist ladies of fashion in that science. This had also so mortified his daughter, who was a gentle creature, though she had also a proper pride, that for two years she had not spoken to her brother, in consequence of his degrading himself and family.

Sir Timothy Flight felt for this distressed and noble family, and consulted with Mr. Alexander Modish, who shewed his accustomed delicacy on the occasion, how he could assist his father without wounding such fine feelings as he possessed. Mr. Alexander Modish recommended that a double set of chambers should be taken in the Temple; that they should be fitted up very handsomely, as he observed that the world too frequently judges from appearances: this would strike the ignorant, and others would have no fears of trusting their concerns in the hands of persons of such

apparent wealth. To encourage this unfortunate but deserving family, Sir Timothy took his affairs out of Mr. Equity's hands, and appointed Messrs. Abraham and Alexander Modish his solicitors. Immediately large new elegant books were placed in Mr. Modish's chambers, with Sir Timothy Flight's name in gilt letters on them. But the Baronet was incapable of doing an unjust action; therefore he would not have withdrawn his concerns from Mr. Equity, if the Mr. Modishes had not proved to him, and clearly too, that in looking over and casting up Mr. Equity's accounts, during the short period of the last twenty-six years, that he had overcharged Sir Timothy the enormous sum of ten pounds. This, Mr. Alexander Modish said, might be an oversight, but persons in business should be more circumspect; indeed, he must say, there could be no excuse for such a man as Mr. Equity being incorrect in his accounts:

it also grieved him to say, that it appeared that Lady Flight and his uncles had not consulted his interest during his minority, as it was evident that some money, which had been designed by the late Sir Timothy to purchase an estate, ought to have been the Baronet's; whereas the younger children had benefitted by that sum. This was a delicate subject, and painful to him to express his sentiments upon; but, had he been Mr. Equity, he should have remonstrated with the relatives, and insisted that justice should be done to his client; probably he might be wrong, but he possessed such a warm interest always for those who honoured him with their concerns, that he always considered their case as his own, and consequently exerted his very mean abilities to the utmost.

What a God-send was this to Sir Timothy Flight; to possess such a sincere, such a disinterested friend; it would be madness not to place implicit confidence

in him; and no sooner thought than done. The Baronet went immediately with old Modish, and desired Mr. Equity to deliver into this respectable solicitor's hands all his papers, &c. &c. &c.

Mrs. and Miss Charlotte Modish had not yet been introduced to the Baronet, and a day was fixed when Sir Timothy Flight promised to take a family dinner with them, previously to which he sent a present of some game to Mrs. Modish. This family had great merit, for they always liked to appear genteel; therefore, to keep up appearances, they had a foot-boy, instead of a female servant, as the ladies amused themselves with keeping the house clean, and cooking the victuals; but as soon as Sir Timothy became a client of Mr. Abraham Modish, their house was furnished, and a maid added to the establishment. It is, however, difficult to break ourselves of long habits; therefore, when the Baronet's groom brought the game, he knocked

several times, but could gain no entrance; when at last a person demanded from the area who was there. Upon gaining the desired information, "God bless my heart," replied the woman, "it is vastly kind to be sure to send me some game; do, Sir, step this way; I am sorry you have waited so long, but the girl is cleaning the rooms, and the lad gone on an errand, and I am amusing myself with frying tripe." The groom now found that the person whom he had taken for the cook was the mistress: she expressed her concern that she had no small change, but she had a little British spirit at hand, which she insisted he should take, and drink the good Baronet's health. When the man returned, he amused himself with giving a description of Mrs. Modish to his fellow servants.

At last the day arrived when Mrs. and the gentle Miss Charlotte Modish were to be introduced to Sir Timothy Flight. Miss sat down to play and sing, to the

great annoyance of the Baronet, who was really a judge of music, and, as his nerves were delicate, her loud vociferation was extremely distressing to his nice feelings. The table was so crowded with good things, that it was difficult to find room for the plates, added to which, the apartment was so close and confined as to prove inconvenient to the Baronet, who was fond of a free circulation of air. Mrs. Modish perceived this, and regretted that they were reduced to reside in such a small house: times, she said, with a deep sigh, were greatly altered; she severely felt the change which had taken place in their circumstances; she had always been accustomed to have slaves at her command, but she hoped one of these days she should have it in her power to receive her guests as she used to do, when they had a house near Blackfriars; for she was informed the next remittances she had from the West Indies would be considerable. Mr. Modish

could not refrain from mentioning that he found the distance very great from Islington to the Temple, and that when he was obliged to call on his clients at the west end of the town, it took up half a day, upon which, Sir Timothy recommended his removing nearer to him. The conversation now turned upon indifferent subjects, in which Miss Charlotte Modish, who was extremely diffident, had an opportunity of displaying her great abilities: she exhibited some feathers, with which she was decorating a skreen; indeed, this young lady was the very quintessence of elegance and profound learning; she spoke a little French; she could say good morning and good night in Italian; she played upon the forte-piano, and she had recently finished her education by attending three lectures at the Royal Institution; consequently, she could talk about botany, gas, oxygen, and hydrogen; of levers, mechanical action, the belles lettres, and the musical

glasses. The Baronet attended to all the young lady said, or did; he was too polite to laugh in her presence, but he was of a satirical turn, and he did not spare her the next day to his intimates.

Mr. Alexander Modish on the following morning represented to the Baronet that he was grieved that his father could not move to the west end of the town; for he had not much ready money, and to furnish a house required a larger sum than he could conveniently spare; that he was a man of such independent spirit, that he would not ask his relations to assist him; but if the Baronet would advance what money they wanted, they would pay the interest, and set the principal off in their accounts; to which proposal Sir Timothy consented. Mrs. Modish was delighted at the intelligence, and a house was soon taken in the vicinity of Chelsea, which the upholsterer was desired to exert all his taste in fitting up, and to spare no expence, as they

only wished that it might be very fine, very elegant, and worthy of the persons who were to inhabit it. It was soon finished, and the family of the Modishes took up their abode in a mansion fit for a duke; but, alas! how uncertain is all mortal enjoyment:—Poor Mr. Abraham Modish had not been long settled in his new habitation, before he was seized with a fit of the gout: for some weeks he was confined to his bed, and his feet remained so tender, that he was compelled to have a hackney-coach every day to and from the Temple. The expence attending this was not only enormous, but very inconvenient, as in wet weather he had been detained some hours before a coach could be procured, and Miss Charlotte Modish could not endure such a filthy conveyance; besides, Mr. Symphony Modish had twice had his shoes and silk stockings spoiled by the dirty straw. The brother and sister were now reconciled, as he had

given up the employment of a music-master, and was studying the law.

Mr. Alexander Modish was a dutiful son, and a most affectionate brother: he was distressed at hearing the great expence and inconvenience his family experienced, and he spoke on the subject to the Baronet in the most feeling terms. He lamented the declining state of his father's health, and his incapacity of walking so far as his office; that he had made a minute calculation, and that, with prudence, a carriage might be kept for much less than was now expended in public conveyances. Sir Timothy was of the same opinion; and Mr. Alexander Modish observed, that as the Baronet had more carriages and horses than he could use, if he would let his father have a barouche and pair of horses, they should also be set off in their business transactions; and as the Baronet disliked trouble, he should only be plagued once in

three years with his account. Sir Timothy consented to their having one of his carriages, but he loved his horses, and did not appear disposed to part from any of them; therefore he directed his coachman to look out for a pair of horses for Mr. Modish, and in a few weeks this respectable family had their establishment complete. It was at this period that Mrs. Mortimer was taken into the Baronet's service.

The next thing to be accomplished was to exalt Miss Charlotte Modish to the rank of Lady Flight, but this proved a more difficult task than was expected. Mr. Alexander Modish again set his wits to work, and frequent invitations were sent to Sir Timothy for dinner parties, but they were seldom accepted, for although the Baronet was pleased with the sensible conversation of Mr. Alexander Modish, he could not tolerate the vulgarity of the rest of the family. Sir Timothy rode every day at two

o'clock, therefore Mr. Alexander Modish desired that his sister would learn to ride, as he knew the Baronet had a horse which would carry a lady, and he would contrive for her to ride with Sir Timothy. He also thought, that after the long illness his father had experienced, warm baths and the sea air would be of great service in restoring him to health; and although the family did not like Brighton, yet to be near their dear friend and kind client, they would endeavour to spare time, at least for a few months, to visit Sussex. They were so fortunate as to meet with a confidential person as a clerk, with whom they could trust their business during this necessary absence; and the whole of the family removed to the lodgings taken for them in St. James-street, Brighton.

It required some days for Mrs. and Miss Modish to unpack their paraphernalia: they were ladies of great economy, and possessed a perseverance of disposi-

tion, which rendered them equal to contend with difficulties, which others would not even attempt to surmount ; therefore it was proper that Miss Charlotte Modish should appear, in every respect, fit for the high station in life in which her fond parents and affectionate brothers hoped soon to see her placed. Mrs. and Miss Modish, previously to leaving Town, ransacked every shop from Houndsditch to Cranborne Alley for bargains, and at length purchased a wardrobe, proper for the future spouse of Sir Timothy Flight, to make her debut in at Brighton. They finished their tour of the metropolis in Bond-street, as Miss assured her dear *Ma*, that all persons of fashion bought their full dresses in that fashionable part of the town ; that robes, bonnets, &c. made there, had a peculiar cut and *bon ton*, which gave a certain degree of nonchalance and elegance to the wearer, which was quite irresistible. Such an argument was indisputable, and the in-

dulgent mother permitted Miss Charlotte Modish to expend one hundred pounds on her sweet person, in any shops that she thought proper to patronize by her custom.

The ladies being thus able to dress in a style suitable to their recent elevation, Mr. Alexander Modish waited on Mrs. Mortimer to inform her that his family were now ready to receive their friends, and he hoped that she would allow him the honour of introducing her to them, as it was only a few doors from her own residence. She soon arrived at Mr. Modish's, and was ushered into a drawing-room where the old gentleman and lady were. Before the introduction was over, Miss Charlotte Modish entered, and Mrs. Mortimer had no small difficulty in commanding her risible faculties, when she contemplated this family group.

Mr. Abraham Modish was a dark, fat, squat man, but to appear youthful, and in hopes of not having the appearance

of a Jew, he sported a flaxen wig, a white coat, at least the lightest drab, Mrs. Mortimer had ever seen, and to add to his strange appearance, at leaving the room for his morning's airing, he put on a white hat. Mrs. Modish, in every respect, resembled Mrs. Cheshire in the *Agreeable Surprise*; but as all my readers may not have seen that character, I will describe Mrs. Modish. She was a very large woman, very vulgar, but what is termed comely; and as she and her daughter had purchased complexions in Bond-street, her face appeared to advantage: her dress consisted of a fine muslin robe, having a coloured border round it; a dark blue sash, tied in the front, and reaching to her feet; a white beaver hat, lined with satin, turned up; and two large feathers, one standing perpendicular, the other reclining on the left shoulder; an enormous silver button and loup, with an auburn wig, completed the dishabille. It was in the month of

August, and the daughter was dressed the same as her mother, only that she had the addition of a green cloth mantle, lined with white satin, bordered round with a purple velvet and gold lace; pale blue kid shoes, and yellow gloves. She was of diminutive stature, being not more than four feet high; had she been of a common height, she might have passed unnoticed. The family received Mrs. Mortimer very graciously. Miss Modish said her brothers had informed her that Mrs. Mortimer understood several languages; she hoped they should be extremely intimate, as she wished much to converse in Italian, as since she had learnt that soft insinuating tongue, she considered French quite vulgar. The conversation then turned to Sir Timothy Flight: every one was loud in his praise, and Miss Modish, with a significant simper, observed that she must put on her habit, for the day was so fine, that the Baronet would ride, and if she did not accom-

pany him he would be extremely disappointed. Mrs. Mortimer's little girls were with her, and seeing some very magnificent parasols, they opened them: they then applied to the old lady to inform them what the pretty paintings were with which they were decorated; she desired the children would apply to Miss Charlotte Modish, as she had been liberally educated, and knew every thing; but as for her part she never minded those sort of things. They were indeed very elegant, being of white satin, with solid silver stems, and fringe and tassels to correspond. The young lady informed the little girls that the figures represented the signs of the Zodiac. As the parasols had only eight sides, Mrs. Mortimer requested to look at them, as she was curious to know how the figures were placed, when the first objects which met her attention were Minerva, Mars, and Venus. This convinced Mrs. Mortimer that Miss Charlotte Modish was well informed, and had

profited by the liberal education she had received.

Mrs. Modish said she intended to give a large rout immediately, for she had come to Brighton purposely for pleasure ; therefore she wished to be acquainted with a great many people, and to be informed of the notice generally given on these occasions. Mrs. Mortimer satisfied her on this subject, and Mr. Symphony Modish had directions to write the cards ; he also waited on all the families in which he had taught music, or tuned instruments, and requested permission to introduce his mother and sister to them.

The gentlemen were indefatigable ; they frequented all the libraries, and in chatting on politics, or the news of the day, they made some acquaintances. Many therefore attended the rout from the novelty of the invitation, and also to see what sort of beings the persons were who cut such a conspicuous appearance

in Brighton. On their first debut on the Steyne, they had been taken for mountebanks, as the old man drove his family in the dress already described, in an elegant barouche, with two dashing servants behind. Indeed, it was not long before this group was exhibited in the print-shops.

A Saturday was fixed on for Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Modish's rout, when they also changed their name, and renounced the Jewish persuasion, but whether fortunate for them or not, certainly, when they came into Sussex, they had their religion to chuse. This they left to the determination of Mr. Symphony Modish, for he was now a very dashing little fellow, perfumed, and decorated with superb trinkets; and he decided, that the family must attend the Chapel Royal, as all persons of rank and fashion went there, and that he had bespoke elegant prayer books, and secured seats in the most

conspicuous part of the chapel, to convince the people that they had nothing to do with the Old Testament, which they considered would lessen them in the opinion of the world. They never reflected that only the ignorant and the wicked could ever depreciate any religious sect, for are we not all alike indebted to the same merciful being for our existence? Are we not creatures of his will, whether Jews, Turks, or Christians? Do we not all worship the same God? Are we not the children of his love? And if we live up to the standard of our profession here, shall we not all partake of his glory hereafter?—But sentiments such as these never entered the head of Mr. Abraham Modish, or his family.

At last the day arrived, on the evening of which Mrs. Modish was to exhibit in the character of a fine lady. Mrs. Mortimer was extremely entertained, every person who entered being intro-

duced in form to the hostess, and Mr. Symphony Modish acquitted himself as master of the ceremonies in a very stylish manner ; nevertheless, he was sometimes at a loss, as the cards of invitation not only included all the family to whom they were addressed, but the friends and relations of each. There was no lack of good things, for in respect of provisions, this rout might have vied with a Dutch drum ; Mrs. Modish was, however, at a great loss when the company were to be placed at cards, for in the multiplicity of the new faces which had been introduced to her, although a lady of u prising memory and clear sight, yet she could not recollect the near connection which subsisted between several of the company ; consequently she placed man and wife at the same table, and some even proved to be quite a family party. Probably she thought it wicked to separate those whom God had joined together, if so, her amiable intentions dis-

turbed the harmony of the company, which she was most anxious to promote, as she was indefatigable herself in handing the refreshments, and pressing every person to have a hot cup of tea, or a strong cup of coffee, and then they would be able to take a hand at *wisk* or *cassino*. Miss Charlotte Modish and Mr. Symphony entertained the company with small talk, and it was whispered by the brothers how amiable and void of pride their sister was, as a relation had left her forty thousand pounds, besides what their father could give her. Sir Timothy Flight departed early, when some of the company rallied Miss Charlotte Modish about the Baronet, and admired the horse which she rode. She simpered, looked as young ladies do who are pleased to be thought in love; denied there being any truth in the report; confessed that it depended on her whether she would accept of the beautiful palfrey; but she had not yet determined, as her

conduct always was directed by her papa, and her dear mamma. After the visitors had satisfied their curiosity, they soon departed, which proved a very distressing circumstance to the lady of the house, as a gentleman, who visited at the Pavilion, had promised Mr. Symphony that he would look in ; and she flattered herself through him to be invited to the Prince's parties. Mr. Ton, however, did not make his entrée until nearly midnight, when Mrs. Modish received him with open arms, expressing her sincere sorrow that he had not arrived sooner, as she was sure the tea and coffee would be quite cold ; but if he would condescend to say which he would have, a hot cup should be got immediately, and a comfortable bit of toast, unless he liked bread and butter better.

Hearing a lady ask Mr. Ton after his daughter, she called to Mr. Abraham Modish, in not the most gentlemanly manner, to reprimand him for not tell-

ing her that Mr. Ton was blessed with a family, as, to be sure, she should have invited the whole of them; therefore she trusted that he would not be offended at the neglect, and at another time, and soon she hoped, to be introduced to them. Mr. Ton bowed, but it so happened, though he had a very good girl as a daughter, that he had never been married, and had no other family. Those who knew this were much gratified at hearing all Mrs. Abraham Modish's polite apologies, but as that part of the company who remained had been sometime waiting for their chairs, and had long wished to retire, she could not make up a card table. Mr. Ton, with the care which always attends persons accustomed to genteel society, assured Mrs. Modish, that, unless he could be useful to her, he had rather not play, as he preferred chatting, and he paid her such attention as convinced her that she must be quite a woman of polished manners,

otherwise he would not have devoted his attention to her, and she had no doubt of becoming the leading person in Brighton, for elegance and fashion, and that she should have the honour of entertaining the Prince. With this impression, the family of the Modishes retired to rest, perfectly happy in having thus far accomplished the object of their wishes; and no doubt they dreamed of coronets and all the *et cæteras* of grandeur.

CHAP. II.

I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's inclosures, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each others prey ;
As wolves for rapine ; as the fox for wiles ;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earth's them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?
Earth's highest station ends in " here he lies,"
And " dust to dust," concludes her noblest song.

YOUNG.

A FEW days after Mrs. Abraham Modish's rout, Mrs. Mortimer had two friends to call upon her, Mr. Charles Stanton, and the royal marine artillery officer, the latter coming purposely to try Sir Timothy Flight's new invented gun, on which she sent to request the favour

of the Baronet's company to dinner. When Sir Timothy came he told her that in future she must not come to his house, as he was told that it was not proper, but he should call frequently to consult with her about his concerns. Mrs. Mortimer was aware that Mr. Alexander Modish had represented the impropriety of her going to Sir Timothy's, because he did not like that she should see what was going on. After this, the Baronet called almost every day on Mrs. Mortimer, but before he had time to seat himself, one or other of the family of the Modishes would enter, and she with pain saw that they acquired such an ascendancy over him, that they directed all his actions. She feared it would be totally impossible to save him from ruin; and her situation was now become very distressing, as some persons, whom she did not know, waited on her, to entreat, if she had any influence over Sir Timothy, that she would represent to him that his soli-

citors were not to be trusted. She ventured a second time to do this, and the Baronet confessed his having still more reason to doubt their honesty. It was about this period that he offered to advance Mrs. Mortimer a sum of money to take out a patent for a medicine, which he had invented, and which would cure all maladies. She might have what sum she considered necessary to advertise its excellent qualities; and as he wished her to make a rapid fortune, he would also take a house for her in White Haven, and by importing pine apples from the West Indies, she would be able to serve Covent Garden Market at a reduced price, and consequently secure the whole of the trade. Mrs. Mortimer was shocked when Sir Timothy made these offers; she knew his worth and his charitable disposition, and she lamented that his nervous system should be so deranged; but she had his welfare at heart, and would sooner have starved than have taken advantage of him,

though she was sensible that others did, and her whole study was to frustrate their wicked designs.

Mrs. and Miss Charlotte Modish were extremely civil to Mrs. Mortimer, but at the same time she saw that the whole family were both jealous and afraid of her. The house which Mr. Chissel had taken for Mrs. Mortimer was in a very unpleasant neighbourhood, and she asked Sir Timothy's permission to lett it, and to take another for herself ; this he agreed to, but about three weeks after, the gentlemen who rented it of her called to return the key, as the ceilings had fallen in. The Baronet desired that she would consult Mr. Abraham Modish on the subject, and he advised that the key might be delivered to Mr. Chissel, which was done on the same day. Mr. Modish said he had long wished to have some private conversation with Mrs. Mortimer, and he told her that he knew she was a sincere friend of Sir Timothy

Flight's but he also knew that she had represented him and his family in no very favourable light to the Baronet, though he flattered himself, that when she really knew them, she would change her opinion; and he thought it necessary to tell her, he was perfectly aware that the world took great liberties with his character, but it was beneath his notice to attend to such idle reports. As a man of business, he was glad to have such a client as Sir Timothy, but he was concerned for persons of treble his property, as she might see if she would look over his books; that he was under no obligations to the Baronet, for on the contrary he was deeply in his debt; true, he had received a large sum of money from Mr. George Equity, but that Sir Timothy was more than that sum in debt when he undertook his affairs, and that he had already advanced him upwards of eight thousand pounds. He therefore trusted, after what he had ex-

plained, that Mrs. Mortimer would have too much sense in future to attend to any thing that would prove prejudicial to himself or his family. The world said, indeed, that he wanted Sir Timothy Flight for his son-in-law, but he could assure her that was not the case. Miss Charlotte Modish had a large independent fortune : thank God he could add considerably to it ; and the gentle creature had now an admiral, two military men of high rank, besides others, who had solicited his influence in their favour ; but she was inexorable, and could not bring herself to think of leaving her affectionate parents. To all this Mrs. Mortimer felt herself at a loss to reply ; and Mr. Modish proceeded with assuring her, that Sir Timothy Flight's relations would long since have confined him in a madhouse, if he had not prevented it, and that she must be aware, that it was a great loss to them, be-

ing obliged always to attend on the Baronet, to prevent any thing of the sort happening. Mrs. Mortimer told Sir Timothy Flight the whole of this conversation, who, on hearing it, was quite in a rage, and immediately went to Mr. Abraham Modish, to chastise him for telling such stories. Mr. Alexander Modish after this informed Mrs. Mortimer that she might save herself the trouble of saying any thing against him or his family to the Baronet, as he did not dare to conceal any thing from him.

Mr. and Mrs. Modish grudged paying nine guineas a week for a house, as the air of Brighton agreed wonderfully with the whole family, and it would be necessary for Mr. Abraham Modish to have warm sea-baths every summer; therefore, if they could purchase a cheap house it would save great expences: accordingly Mr. Alexander Modish, with that parental duty for which he

was so eminent, consulted the Baronet, who saw no reason to object to such a necessary comfort; and most fortunately some houses were to be put up for sale in a few days in the neighbourhood of the Pavilion; and for the moderate sum of £1600. Mr. Abraham Modish became possessed of a very comfortable, commodious family house. Mrs. Modish was of an active disposition, and desired that an upholsterer might come from Town to take directions, and in three weeks the house was completely furnished. Thus in a few months this respectable family became in possession of a town and country house, two sets of chambers, carriage, horses, &c. The Baronet continued always to shew the greatest kindness to Mrs. Mortimer; and when she received the rent for some lodging houses of his, she inclosed it to him, but he instantly brought it back, saying that he did not expect that she could maintain her family without money. He

then consulted her respecting building some life-boats, for his benevolent mind was always employed to benefit his fellow creatures. His heart ached when he heard that thousands had been drowned for want of such boats: he had already one, and his plan was to have them at every port, or at such places as should be pointed out to him as proper for them to be stationed at. Mrs Mortimer had been told that the boat which the Baronet already possessed was too heavy to prove useful: she also knew the great expence attending it, and she was fearful that this would be a most expensive project. She then told him that as Admiral Sir Charles Hope was then at Brighton, he had better ask his opinion. To this the only objection he made was that the Admiral, he was told, was very proud, very reserved, and did not like to mix in society. Mrs. Mortimer, then mentioned to Sir Timothy the active part which the gallant Admiral had taken to

obtain some provision for the orphan children of naval officers ; that if his name added lustre to England in the annals of the British Navy, it would also in the page of history be immortalized by his benevolence and humanity. He then consented that Mrs. Mortimer should endeavour to get the opinion of this brave officer ; and accordingly she wrote to Sir Charles Hope, explaining exactly her situation respecting Sir Timothy Flight, and made the desired request in her own name. Sir Charles, with his usual benevolence, called on Sir Timothy, and Mrs. Mortimer was in hopes that it would be the means of drawing the Baronet into such company, as, from his rank and accomplishments, he was so well qualified to adorn. He was delighted with Sir Charles Hope's politeness, and several times attempted to return the visit, but could not escape from Mr. Alexander Modish, as Mrs. Mortimer represented that it would not be proper to

take any of that family with him. At last he burst into tears, and said that he was so entangled with Mr. Modish's family, that he could not stir any where without them.

The celebration of the jubilee of our beloved sovereign was at this time in agitation, and Mrs. Modish intended to give such a fête on the occasion as should surprise the polished part of society, and astonish the vulgar; but hearing that a ball and supper were to be given at the Castle Inn, to commemorate the joyful event, she had too much compassion to injure Mr. Boniface, and determined that her gala should be on the anniversary of that memorable day on which Lord Nelson fell gloriously in his country's cause. Mrs. Modish requested that Mrs. Mortimer would describe how her rooms could be fitted up in an elegant style, as she wished to have something out of the common way, as expence was of no consequence. Mrs. Mortimer

was really incapable of giving her the information she required, as the only rooms she had ever seen in England decorated for a splendid entertainment were at the fête given by the charitable and elegant Duchess of D——, when she first introduced her eldest daughter into public, and she considered that such decorations did not suit small rooms, or the situation of Mrs. Modish: however, the lady was of a contrary opinion, and various artizans were employed to fit up the house, in some degree to resemble the one represented by Mrs. Mortimer. As on a former occasion, cards of invitation were sent to every person they knew or ever heard of: a supper was ordered which would have graced a Lord Mayor's ball; and to do justice to Mrs. Pattypan, it was extremely well served and decorated. When the day arrived they sent for Mrs. Mortimer, to see that every thing was done right, for fear the people employed might not have attended strictly

to their directions. Miss Charlotte Modish condescended to assist in placing some flowers, and Mr. Symphony Modish drove in some nails ; but their attentive mother took great care to convince all present that her children would never have occasion to do any sort of thing ; that her dear husband only kept them to business a little because it prevented young men from falling into mischief, but, by the blessing of God and Mr. Abraham Modish's cleverness, if they were both to die to-morrow, her daughter need never set a stitch, or her son hold a pen. However, in the midst of all this finery and expence, care and anxiety sat heavy on their brows, for such is the fate of humanity, that mortals shall never enjoy perfect happiness. Knock after knock brought apologies from various persons who had been invited, and they began to fear that they should not have company enough to fill the rooms. Mr. Symphony Modish was dispatched into

the streets and highways to see whom he could collect, and every now and then returned with the agreeable intelligence that he had picked up a straggler. As to ladies, very few could they depend on. Mrs. Mortimer asked if an old friend of theirs, who had three beautiful daughters, was to be at the ball ; but she was given to understand that they wanted no beauties. At last Mr. Symphony brought the delightful news that Colonel Ortolan had promised to bring two dashing Baronets who were then in Brighton ; and the Colonel had assured him that the preparations for their gala had made every body desirous of being invited, and he wondered that cards had not been sent to all the nobility at Brighton. This was joyful intelligence ; but there was a weighty point, which was of great importance, to be immediately settled, namely, as three baronets would honour them with their company, which possessed the oldest title, as Miss Charlotte Modish was to open

the ball with him. After turning over the leaves of the Court Kalendar, Sir Timothy Flight was found to be the happy man destined to have that superlative honour. The ornamenting of the rooms being finished, they looked so cool, and the harbour so refreshing, that the family lamented that there was not sufficient time to have a dress made in character for Miss Modish, as she would, with her Sylph-like appearance, look like an Arcadian shepherdess dressed en Bergère. At length the company began to arrive, and Mrs. Modish requested Mrs. Mortimer's permission to introduce her to some of her dear friends; but this Mrs. Mortimer declined, alleging that as she could not afford to give parties, she declined making any new acquaintance. The persons who stood highest in Mrs. Modish's estimation were, first, a Mrs. Moffat, who was a bride: her history told that she had passed as the widow of an officer, by whom she had several chil-

dren ; and one daughter, about eighteen years of age, accompanied her to Mrs. Modish's. The next lady of distinguished pedigree was a Mrs. Driveall, who was the widow of a baronet's son, with whom she had lived some years previously to his marrying her. She gave out that she had thirteen hundred a year in Scotland, besides other small estates and money in the funds. Her husband had only been dead three months ; but out of compliment to the lady of the house she had thrown off her mourning. Colonel Ortolan was very attentive to the widow : he was a very handsome man, and, besides many other accomplishments, could tell the best bits, either in joints, fowls, fish, &c. ; he also paid that homage to the rich which they so justly deserve. The rest of the company consisted of a school-master and his wife, a few old women, and about sixty men of all occupations, but mostly military. The two Baronets, alas ! did not come ; Sir Timothy Flight

declined dancing, and Miss Modish led off the first dance with Mr. Tweedledee, late a musical instrument maker. The sweet creature bore the disappointment with great resignation, only pouting a little, and she was rewarded for her patient endurance of such a severe disappointment by going down the next two dances with the lieutenant of a regiment of militia; but as only six couples could be mustered, she did not long enjoy the company of this sprig of the state, and in rotation frisked with all the gentlemen who exhibited in that department.

Sir Timothy Flight made his exit early, to the no small disappointment of Mrs. Modish, as he had not seen the delicious supper she had been some weeks in preparing. Mr. Abraham Modish at last, in the style of the old court, handed the bride into the supper-room; each lady was also escorted by a beau. Mrs. Mortimer fell to the lot of Lieutenant Colonel Tartlet, and she sat between that gentle-

man and Mr. Mordecai Shortribs: these two persons were held in high estimation by the public. Mr. Mordecai Shortribs was a gentleman of great notoriety, known by all the fashionable world: he was fast travelling "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns;" but he possessed that firmness of mind, which is in itself a treasure; consequently, he was not to be intimidated by the future, and to recall the past to our recollection he considered to be great folly, for he could not agree with Young:

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome
news.

Mr. Mordecai Shortribs had an immense fortune; and as he was charitably disposed, a kind of widow bewitched helped him with its circulation; of course, this was a platonic attachment, as the lady had a husband, who, report said,

was in confinement for debt; others, that he never enjoyed his health, excepting on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, which the writer of these anecdotes concludes must have been the truth; otherwise, from the great friendship which subsisted between his wife and Mr. Mordecai Shortribs, assuredly that humane gentleman would have relieved her husband; as to such a mind as his the reunion of two kindred souls would have been cheaply purchased by a few thousands. Colonel Tartlet was the son of a respectable man, and Mrs. Mortimer considered herself as extremely fortunate in being placed between two such sensible gentlemen: she was ignorant whether the Colonel was a Benedict, but he was certainly qualified to enter that holy state, as she had the advantage of hearing a dissertation between the Colonel and the friend of Mrs. Drivcall, on the interesting topic of education. To be sure, the sentiments expressed were very

novel to Mrs. Mortimer, but it had been some years since that lady had mixed in the gay world ; and, from the manners of the company present, she was convinced that Colonel Tartlet and Miss Shanks had fully weighed the subject, and were perfectly *au fait* how a modern belle should be educated. It would not be paying proper respect to Mrs. Abraham Modish's talents, not to give some description of the supper. Every thing in and out of season were on the table ; but the centre ornament was so extremely appropriate to the situation in which it was placed, that it convinced every person of Mrs. Modish's great abilities and profound learning. This was a large waggon filled with *bons bons* ; but she would not run the risk of terrifying the delicate females who were to partake of her festivities by having horses ; therefore they could not only admire, but even touch this exquisite production, without being alarmed. Supper lasted for some

hours, the host and hostess doing their utmost to render every one happy; and Mrs. Mortimer concluded that they succeeded to the full extent of their wishes, by the broad grin which every countenance exhibited. A loud rap on the table silenced the company, when Mr. Abraham Modish arose from his chair, and with all the dignity he could assume, requested that bumpers might be filled round the table to drink—"Our beloved and gracious monarch, our sovereign Lord King George the Third, and that it might please the Supreme Disposer of all human events, that he might reign as long as he had heretofore reigned, and prove as prosperous." This was drank with hip, hip, hip, and three times three; and two fiddles and a drum struck up—"God save the King." All this was new to Mrs. Mortimer, for indeed she had never before been in such an elegant party; of course she was much delighted; and as her children could only profit

in their manners from her, she was determined to be very attentive, that she might gain all the improvement within her reach. The company appeared quite exhilarated, and if before they were pleased, they now felt it difficult to restrain their joy in any sort of moderation, and three raps were again given before silence could be procured. Mr. Abraham Modish then rose, and with a solemn countenance and pathetic voice requested that bumpers might be filled once more to all present, when, with a heart oppressed with grief and smothered sighs, he gave—"That brave hero, Lord Nelson, and all who fell with him at Trafalgar." He then informed the company, that he had designed to commemorate the jubilee of their Sovereign, but as he found it might injure the Castle ball, he had, in lieu, fixed on the anniversary of that day for his fête, on which England had lost one of her bravest admirals. The toast was then drank

with hip, hip, hip, and three times three, when the band before mentioned played—
“Rule Britannia.”

The party were now really overcome with delight, and Mrs. Mortimer, not having been accustomed to such elegant mirth, felt such a dreadful head-ache, that she thought she must have quitted the room. For nearly a quarter of an hour it was totally impossible to hear a word that was uttered, but no doubt, bons mots, and the most refined wit, passed. It now required several raps before the company could compose their agitated spirits, when Mr. Abraham Modish again stood up, and recommended bumpers to all his friends to drink—“The Gracious and Royal Patron of Brighton, George, Prince of Wales; that he might enjoy health and prosperity; that when he came to the throne, he might be as prosperous, and reign as long as our beloved monarch and sovereign Lord King George the Third.” This was also drank

with hip, hip, hip, and three times three, and the fiddles and drums struck up—
“ Britons, strike Home.”

The ladies now had certainly partaken of sufficient refreshment; and that the gentlemen might have an opportunity of drinking their healths, it was proposed that the former should adjourn to the ball-room. Mrs. Mortimer was very glad of this, for the heat and noise had become insupportable, and she was astonished that the delicate creatures could so long have endured them; but, to her great surprise, when they got up stairs, the young females went to romps, and it appeared to her that their heels and heads were of equal weight. The gentlemen soon joined them: indeed, it was a humorous scene; but Mr. Abraham Modish set them all to dancing, and it was six in the morning before the whole of the company retired.

For some weeks Mrs. Mortimer had not seen Mrs. and Miss Modish, when

she received a message to beg the favour of her immediate attendance, as they had something of consequence to consult her upon. She accordingly went in the course of the morning, when Mr. Abraham, Mrs. and Miss Modish, received her in the drawing-room, and they were so kind to her and her children, that she suspected all was not as it should be. Mr. Abraham Modish brought out a handful of bank-notes, and his wife said she wished to keep the painted vases which Mrs. Mortimer had lent for their fête; for as they had passed for Miss Modish's painting, it would appear strange to part with them; therefore, knowing the price was seven guineas, she begged to pay for them. Mrs. Mortimer told her she was welcome to the vases for twenty-four shillings, which was the sum they cost her, as she could not charge for her work. This was settled, when the old lady began by regretting that Sir Timothy Flight was always in such company

as Mrs. and Miss Moffats, and the widow Driveall: she was afraid that he would be drawn in to marry Miss Moffat, who was only a natural child; that she hoped Mrs. Mortimer would talk to the Baronet on the subject, for she knew he would attend to any thing that she said. Mrs. Mortimer eased their fears on this subject, by first expressing her surprise that Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Modish should have introduced such people to Sir Timothy Flight. She then told them, that she had known two months before their arrival that a scheme was laid to get the Baronet to marry the girl, but that she had informed him of it; and if they really knew Sir Timothy's character, they would be convinced that he would never degrade himself by making an improper match: she lamented to see that he associated with the worthless and the wicked, but that he had repeatedly assured Mrs. Mortimer that he was sensible he was the last of a respectable and

honourable family, and that, however he might amuse himself improperly, he never would disgrace his ancestors.

Mr. Abraham Modish offered Mrs. Mortimer any money she might want, and requested she would at all times apply to him, as he had Sir Timothy's orders to supply her. This, however, she declined: her time was fully employed, for she worked and wrote for the Baronet, and she hoped in two years, from her own industry, not to be under the necessity of accepting of Sir Timothy's munificence: she made up, some millinery, painted several fancy ornaments, ridicules, &c. &c. and with some pencils, and some of her botanical books, sent them to India.

Sir Timothy Flight went frequently to Mr. Moffat's, the daughter playing on the harp, which proved a great inducement to the Baronet to visit there, and he danced with the young lady at the jubilee ball. This was enough to frighten the Modishes, especially as they con-

cluded Miss Charlotte Modish- would have had that felicity ; but Sir Timothy would not, on any account, have danced with her, for he was so tremblingly alive to whatever provoked laughter, and was very tall, and the delicate Charlotte not four feet high : she would have had the appearance of a ridicule hanging on his arm ; every one who possessed the least sensibility must therefore have felt for this disappointed fair one on the night of the jubilee, for she had not only the mortification of seeing her rich Baronet dance with Miss Moffat, but she herself sat still ; for though nearly one hundred gentlemen had feasted at her father's table not a week before, yet not one asked Miss Charlotte to dance. How to account for this is impossible ; for, in her own opinion, Miss Charlotte Modish was the beauty of Brighton, and care had been taken to assure every one that she had a large fortune. Yet she was a Benchet, a situation which she detested,

although her father would have rejoiced at being one.

Mr. Alexander Modish was really indefatigable in promoting the welfare of his family; he recommended, as Miss Moffat played the harp, that his sister should immediately be taught to play on the same instrument, and that he would propose a party to Sir Timothy Flight to go to the Isle of Wight, where he could easily detain the Baron for sometime, and he would then have an opportunity to form future plans accordingly. Mr. Alexander Modish was very select in his company, and as he was careful with whom the Baronet associated, Miss Shark was the only person allowed to accompany them. This trio therefore set sail, in Sir Timothy's life boat, for Portsmouth.

Previously to the Baronet's departure, he called on Mrs. Mortimer, to request that she would settle with a lady of great respectability in Brighton, respecting a

house she was to procure of his, for the widow of a commissary, recently deceased. This was the first time he had ever mentioned the subject to Mrs. Mortimer, but she had heard from others, that Sir Timothy had promised to give this unfortunate widow the house free of expence; but mentioning this to Mr. Modish, that gentleman said probably he had, but he should take care that she paid for it. Mrs. Mortimer was therefore very explicit with the Baronet on the subject, when, to her sorrow, she found that he once more had an idea of establishing butchers' shops, and that he designed the widow should pay for the house, and, if she liked, he would allow her something for superintending the butchery concern.

Mrs. Mortimer felt this to be an awkward task; she was aware that it would be supposed she had prevented Sir Timothy from fulfilling his promise to the widow; and if she was not explicit

with the lady, with whom she was to converse on the subject, she might be the means of involving a sister in affliction in additional trouble. She had for some time seen that the Modishes had such influence over the Baronet, that she could not contend against them; and it had come to her knowledge, that some persons had been totally ruined, by relying on the promises of Sir Timothy, which his solicitors had prevented from being fulfilled. Her's was now a delicate situation: the lady she was going to was a stranger to her, and might not credit some circumstances which she could advance, therefore Mrs. Mortimer determined literally to repeat the orders which she had received from Sir Timothy.

This she did, and had the mortification to perceive that it was supposed she prevented the Baronet from giving the house to the widow. She mentioned this to him, and entreated as a favour done to her, that he would let the lady have it for

one year, free of rent and taxes; but he would not consent, and Mrs. Mortimer was always blamed for a circumstance in which she had no concern.

Sir Timothy remained sometime absent from Brighton. Mr. Abraham Modish went to town, and Mrs. and Miss Modish frequently came to Mrs. Mortimer. She really pitied those ladies, believing that they had nothing to do with the impositions practised on the Baronet, and she felt it was natural for a mother to wish to see her daughter well married. She thought, that although the old woman was vulgar, she might have a good heart, and the daughter, poor thing, was endeavouring to be a fine lady, which was not to be wondered at, as she supposed she should soon be the wife of one of the oldest English baronets. Miss Charlotte Modish had a lady to teach her the harp, but from her fingers being short, she cut them dreadfully, and her legs being also not of common length, the harp

proved to be an instrument not calculated to set her person off to advantage; but, as has before been observed, the Modishes were a family who possessed great perseverance, and she was indefatigable to give pleasure to her brother, Mr. Alexander Modish. Mr. Symphony also instructed her, and at the expiration of a fortnight she could play two tunes. The lady who taught her was delighted with such a pupil, and wishing for her patronage, proposed, for the moderate sum of twenty guineas, to dedicate some harp sonatas to Miss Charlotte Modish. Of course this was agreed to; Madame D—— was very well pleased with the bargain, and as she had a little time to spare, she consented, for double pay, to give double lessons, and if they liked little musical evening parties, she would attend for a mere trifle.

Was ever any thing so lucky? When Sir Timothy returned they would certainly avail themselves of the offer, and if

they could get acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Discord, as the lady had formerly been a public singer, she would have no objection to lend her vocal powers, and when Mr. Abraham Modish came from Town, an elegant dinner was to be given ; three courses, a dessert, French wines, and every thing in the first style of expence. Twenty-eight persons were invited.

But, alas ! when the day arrived, they waited dinner till eight o'clock, and only four made their appearance ; Mr. and Mrs. Discord, Colonel Ortolan, and the Lieutenant of Militia. This was enough to provoke a saint, but Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Modish had been used to disappointments of this nature, and as they were now Christians, they bore them with christian fortitude. In the evening they had a concert, and Miss Modish gained some improvement from hearing Mrs. Discord.

Mrs. Pattypan sent in her bill, but Mrs. Modish thinking the charges too

high, requested Mrs. Pattypan would come to her immediately. Mrs. Pattypan accordingly attended, but could not be convinced of any error she had committed, nor would she consent to reduce any of the charges in her bill. Mrs. Modish, although very mild, had a proper sense of injuries, and resented them in powerful language; to this Mrs. Pattypan made a spirited retort. Mrs. Modish could not think of submitting to such impertinence, and gave a gentle shove to Mrs. Pattypan, which she returned, and departed. Mr. Abraham Modish being informed of what had passed, could not suffer his wife to be insulted, and directly applied to a solicitor in Brighton, to bring an action against Mrs. Pattypan, for an assault. The solicitor, who was a very respectable person, and possessed sound sense, recommended that the ladies should settle the dispute amicably, and it was generally supposed that this advice had due weight, as Mrs. Pattypan's

demands were paid, and Mrs. Modish appeared with that rosy health and happy smile which always delighted her admiring friends, and the community at large.

What really was a subject of wonder to those not accustomed to the manners of polite society, was that the persons who partook of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Modish's good cheer never took any notice of them out of their own house; they would pass them in the street, stare them in the face, and never touch their hats. Miss Charlotte Modish did not approve of this, and some said the reason she never walked was that she could not bear to subject herself to such neglect: others advanced, that the gentle creature thought she appeared to most advantage in a carriage, as she was quite as tall sitting as standing. This problem, however, was never determined, but certain it is, that she seldom trusted her Sylph-like form to be beheld in the common attitude of a pedestrian.

CHAP. III.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

DURING Sir Timothy Flight's absence, Mrs. Mortimer was desired by him to attend to his farm, particularly to the poultry, and to get the market-price of grain, that he might have some check upon the farmer. She found the farm in a deplorable state, none of the buildings being habitable, and she was informed,

by persons in the neighbourhood that the Baronet had been much imposed on, as the rent had been more than doubled to him, and the ground so worked, that without an enormous expence it would be some years before it could be put into a proper state. On Sir Timothy's return, she hinted this to him, and he again expressed his sorrow at being so completely in the power of the Modishes, but he said he would have done with them and Mr. Chissel as soon as possible, and requested Mrs. Mortimer would get Mr. Stanton once more to inquire the character of Mr. Abraham Modish, particularly that part of it which concerned a client he had, a Mrs. Quadruped, who had left England in a suspicious manner. Mrs. Mortimer did as he desired, and in a few posts received an answer, which she put into the hands of the Baronet, and which clearly proved that the doubts which he entertained of Mr. Abraham Modish were not without good grounds.

He promised Mrs. Mortimer that he would now see into his affairs: that he often gave people rope, and it depended on them whether they profited by it by hanging themselves. She took this opportunity of again mentioning the pending law-suit, which she feared would prove very expensive to him, and advised that he should abide by the first loss. She did this, because she saw that Mr. Alexander Modish was always involving the Baronet in law, which of course was lucrative to Mr. Abraham Modish, but she saw that it would prove fatal to Sir Timothy Flight's fortune. She was now in hopes that she should prove the humble means of saving the Baronet from ruin; see him reconciled to his relations, and once more frequenting such company as were suitable to his rank: but in this she was soon disappointed, as not many days after this conversation he entered in some confusion, and in a great hurry informed her that he was going the next

day into Yorkshire. She asked who was to accompany him. Mr. Alexander Modish, he replied, Miss Shark, and a gentleman who would meet him in town; that he should be back in a few weeks, when he would settle her salary with her, but if she wanted money in the mean time to draw on Mr. Abraham Modish. Mrs. Mortimer clearly saw that they took the Baronet away, as they feared her influence would be used to place him in safe hands. No sooner was the party departed for the north, than Mrs. and Miss Modish called on Mrs. Mortimer : they were extremely civil, and as friends, told her, though a great secret, that she should be careful of not being much seen with Sir Timothy, as they were grieved to say that the world was very censorious, and they had for sometime heard it reported that Luterel Mortimer was the Baronet's son. Mrs. Mortimer knew that such a report could only originate with themselves, for the boy's age would convince every one

that he was not the child of Sir Timothy Flight. After this the ladies very frequently had Mrs. Mortimer at their house, and appeared to be much pleased with her company: they expressed their sorrow at seeing a lady of her abilities in such a situation, and offered to speak to Mr. Abraham Modish to consider of some plan in which she could be employed without attending to farms, poultry, lodging-houses, &c. The first letter Mrs. Mortimer received from Sir Timothy, to her astonishment, was dated from Edinburgh: she had written according to his instructions, giving an estimate of what was necessary to be done at the farm; also upon some other concerns of his, to which he gave this reply.

Dear Madam,

Your letter has only just found me, after incessant travelling. I wish you not to use my name about the soup; and I doubt whether it is not better not to at-

tempt the library subscriptions. The man may, as at Iver, make a living by it. The receipt is, two gallons of water, one quart of split peas soaked twenty-four hours in water, two pounds of potatoes well boiled the day before, skinned and mashed; herbs, salt, pepper, and two or three onions or leeks: boil them gently five hours, covering them up, and allowing as little evaporation as possible; then set by to cool, and there will be two gallons. This, well made, may be eaten at any table. The addition of some barley-meal the last half hour of making, and stirring a little, and rather less potatoes, I believe improves it; as does a salt herring or two cut to small pieces and boiled in it, or a little salt pork the same, or both. I sent down a large digester (which is at Palmer's, the ironmonger) last year, for boiling down bones, which of course should first be sawed into small pieces, and pounded in an iron mortar before they are put to boil: they make a

strong jelly with a little attention. The proper quantity of these ingredients will soon be ascertained, and the soup may be sold at various prices accordingly.

My family usually empty twenty-seven gallons of strong, and the same of table-beer in a fortnight. I hope he will make the table-beer good : he may put, I think, three pounds of ginger to the table hogs-head, and one or two to the strong. I should like some extra strong to be brewed. Some coarse lump sugar might be added, very little to the strong, and more to the table-beer ; a little brandy to each, particularly to the table-beer, might make them both keep. I shall inquire of Chissel about the house. You may say, if necessary, that I would settle every thing with you myself. I hope you will get on paper, against my return, the plan for rearing pigs, turkeys, Guinea fowls, &c. &c. Mrs. Modish, I believe, has been a little used to curious poultry.

When you like to go to the farm, if you will send for my groom and shew him this, he or another can drive you there. It will be three or four weeks ere I return to Brighton.

I should like to have some malt wine ; also some ginger as strong as possible. I should think one might have three or four times as much ginger as the receipt. Egg shells pounded to clear it.

I remain your's, truly, &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer of course attended to the directions in this letter ; but although she offered to establish any poor person in a soup shop, the Baronet's humane intentions could not be carried into execution, as she could find no person who would take the trouble of making it ; alleging that if they did, they should get no customers, as the poor disliked such miserable slops. Mr. Chissel, as soon as Sir Timothy Flight left Brighton, began

to give himself airs, and said that if any one went to the farm, unless by his permission, that he would use his horsewhip to them, with several other insolent speeches. The season being wet, the rain penetrated into several houses in High-street, and the window of the one in which Mrs. Mortimer formerly resided being open, a person who knew the landlord applied to Mr. Chissel for the key to shut it, when he received for an answer, that he had not the key, the house belonging to Mrs. Mortimer. She told Mr. Abraham Modish this, who said it was of no consequence to her, as Mr. Chissel must be answerable for any damages. Mr. Modish then told her he wished to have some serious conversation with her; that he had a very high opinion of her integrity, and he knew that she was a sincere friend to Sir Timothy Flight; that it would give him pleasure to assist and provide for her and her family; that she should recollect she was an unpro-

tected woman, and that the weakest always went to the wall. How could she attempt to stand against so many ; would it not be adviseable, as she had four children, for her to draw with him and Mr. Chissel, instead of telling the Baronet that he was imposed on, which could be of no use, as he was the secret spring which moved all Sir Timothy's actions ? His sons never both left him, and he had the impression that they prevented his relations from confining him. In short, Miss Shark assisted them, and the Baronet was completely in their power : that it depended on herself to decide that he (Mr. Abraham Modish) could be the best friend she ever had in her life, or the most bitter enemy, as he could either provide handsomely for her and her children, or he could crush them to atoms at once.

This speech was made in the presence of Miss Charlotte Modish and Mrs. Mortimer's two sons. She was shocked at

such sentiments, and replied, that whatever the result might prove, she would never join in deceiving the benefactor of her child; that she was sensible that she could be of no service to Sir Timothy, therefore as soon as he returned from Scotland she would resign her situation; and as she had been removed from a house, and such an establishment in London as enabled her to maintain her children, she hoped the Baronet would advance her a sufficient sum to establish a seminary for young ladies, as eventually that might be a provision for her daughters. She wrote to this effect to Sir Timothy Flight; for, as Mr. Abraham Modish had thrown off the mask, she knew what she had to expect from him in future. In due time she heard from the Baronet as follows :

Dear Madam,

Having been a week at Glasgow, I now answer your letter. I mean not

only to pass two days, but weeks at Brighton, though it may yet be some time first, perhaps a month, ere every thing is settled. As you mention no names in your grievances, no one will insult you while you confine yourself to my directions. If you go into my house without my requesting you, servants will be saucy; but if you merely go to my farm, and confine yourself to what I request of you, no one shall insult you. If Chissel have done so, you have only to shew this to George, and he can protect you. Let George drive you to the farm as often as you choose: you will not give directions about the land or cattle without my desire, unless in extreme cases, as if the man be in absolute want of money, or if the cattle be in danger of perishing out at night with snow and frost. George is steady, and I can trust him; he may take one of my stoutest cudgels if necessary; and if fair means

will not do, he may use foul. I hope to be at York in a week.

I remain your's, very truly,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer did not perfectly understand this letter : she knew that she had never been in Sir Timothy's house since he forbade her ; and the only servant of his who was under her direction was the gardener, and he was a very steady respectable man. She always settled his accounts every month, and remitted the balance to the Baronet ; for she had long given up even looking at his house accounts, as she found, unless he had other people about him, she could be of no use in that department. Mr. and Mrs. Brush were the valet and house-keeper ; the husband was a very steady man, and for Mrs. Brush, it is sufficient to say that she was Miss Shark's companion : she frequented the theatres with

that young lady, rode out in the barouche with her, consequently my readers will judge of the great respectability of this gentlewoman; in fact, the Baronet's kitchen was the rendezvous for all servants out of place, and without keeping such a table as he was entitled to from his rank and fortune, his house expences far exceeded those of persons who gave frequent elegant dinner parties; for he not only kept his servants, but all their children and relations.

Before Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Modish left Brighton, for the winter season, their family was increased by a granddaughter and a nephew: these orphans seldom made their appearance, and few persons knew that they were inmates of the Modish family. Previously to Mr. Abraham Modish going to London, he gave Mrs. Mortimer thirty pounds, and desired that she would draw upon him for money to pay Sir Timothy Flight's tradespeople. This she in a few weeks

after did, as they were extremely impatient to have their bills settled ; but instead of money she had the following reply from Mr. Abraham Modish.

London, ———

Madam,

As Sir Timothy Flight arrived in town the day before yesterday, all claims must of course be submitted to him, after which, if he chuses to draw on me for the amount, I shall of course duly honour his drafts, but he has expressly directed that no drafts but his own should be attended to. You will inform the tradesmen of his sentiments, and refer them generally to him, as he proposes shortly to be at Brighton. I must be permitted to add that the tradesmen of Sir Timothy behave extremely unhandsome ; there can be no necessity for importunity so indecorous. Sir Timothy's responsibility at Brighton must be well known, and the common privilege

of arranging his own accounts will surely not be denied him: if it is, such tradesmen ought to be marked and others preferred. With the former I shall by no means interfere; Sir Timothy will look into that himself. Mr. Chissel, a day or two ago, wrote me to a similar purport, respecting tradesmen, &c. &c.—and I answered as I now do, that I will not accept any drafts whatever without Sir Timothy Flight's express directions.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient, &c.

ABRAHAM MODISH.

This letter was written in a very different style from that in which Mr. Abraham Modish had before addressed Mrs. Mortimer, and she plainly saw that he did not wish that she should continue to superintend the Baronet's concerns in Sussex. She knew that Mr. Alexander Modish had Sir Timothy in great subjection; indeed, the only thing in which

he had failed in gaining his wishes with the Baronet, was setting Lady Flight's will aside, for as that lady had left her fortune in such a manner, that the Mr. Modishes could not benefit the Baronet by it in speculations, they of course wished, no doubt out of friendship to Sir Timothy, that he should possess the whole of his mother's property, subject to no restrictions. Not long after Mrs. Mortimer had received Mr. Modish's letter, the Baronet arrived at Brighton; it was in the evening, and a servant came to request the keys of Sir Timothy's lodging houses, which were immediately given. The next day she had a note from the Baronet in these words:

Dear Madam,

If you will commit briefly to paper the heads of what you wish to say, I will call in a short time.

I remain, &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer had every thing in readiness against the Baronet's arrival. He treated her with distant civility; said that he had understood she had prevented the wheat being disposed of at the farm when it would have fetched a very high price, which was a serious loss to him. She assured him she had never interfered in the disposal of the wheat, strictly confining herself to his directions, by only ascertaining the different market-prices of grain. He staid only a few minutes, and Mrs. Mortimer was convinced, from what had been said, that Mr. Modish had told Sir Timothy about the wheat, as when he threatened her, by crushing herself and children to atoms, he told her it was very easy to prejudice the Baronet against her, for that he and Mr. Chissel had only to tell Sir Timothy that she had prevented the grain being sold at a proper time, to convince him that what she had said about the impositions practised on him in the farm was

false; as that would account for the stock not making a return equal to the valuation. For some days Mrs. Mortimer did not hear any thing from the Baronet, when his housekeeper gave her this letter :

Madam,

I shall beg you to send me an account of the lodgers, &c. the sums you have received for the houses, and to give to my housekeeper any inventories of furniture, plate, linen, &c. you may have of mine. Having seen both houses myself, I must say it is infinitely more disgraceful than the players last year.

I remain, &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer requested Mrs. Brush to tell her what the letter alluded to, as she had been in both the houses the same day that the Baronet sent for the keys, and then they were perfectly clean.

Upon which the housekeeper replied, that was saying the servants told stories. They had taken Sir Timothy and another gentleman to see the houses, and every utensil (only in plain English this was expressed) was in a beastly state, and that persons should not take charge of lodging-houses who were themselves above attending to them. Mrs. Mortimer rang to let Mrs. Brush out, and immediately wrote to Sir Timothy relating what had passed, and inclosing the accounts which he requested to have, assuring him that both the houses were perfectly clean when his servants took possession of them. The Baronet thus replied :

Madam,

I shall certainly never suffer you to be unjustly traduced. As to the houses, I always feared it would not be a pleasant occupation, though you ought

to have seen yourself that such beastliness did not exist.

I remain, Madam,
Your obedient humble servant,
TIMOTHY FLIGHT,

Mrs. Mortimer got an upholsterer to give up the plate and linen of Sir Timothy's houses to his house-keeper ; though in fact, had she wished to have acted as others did by him, she could have claimed them as her own, as he gave them to her. Sir Timothy had told her, in consideration of the civility which he had received from Colonel Mortimer, in having saved him property to a considerable amount, he had had every thing in those houses marked with Mrs. Mortimer's name, and in presence of a gentleman, who inhabited one of the houses, and before the whole of his family, said he had nothing to do with those lodging-houses, as they belonged to Mrs. Mortimer. But she was incapa-

ble of taking advantage of the Baronet ; she wished to serve him, and if her circumstances had permitted, she would have done so without any remuneration for her trouble.

The next time she heard from the Baronet was as follows :

Madam,

I shall thank you to tell me any particulars relative to the widow woman in High-street ; likewise what was the agreement with the man in Russel-street, when he quitted, &c. &c. and pray send the account of the sums received, with the amount, which it appears is barely enough to cover rent and taxes, and of the houses opposite ; and likewise the various sums received from Mr. Chissel, that I may compare them with his statement. I remain, Madam,

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer once more sent the ac-

counts to Sir Timothy, expressing all the sums which she had ever received on his account, either as presents or otherwise, when the balance in her favour amounted to upwards of three hundred pounds, as she had paid several bills for the Baronet, besides paying work-women, when furnishing his houses ; and for many articles wanted in fitting them up. This was the second time that Mrs. Mortimer had sent in the statement, which he demanded, and for which his servant had again called, behaving very insolently ; upon which Mrs. Mortimer requested that in future the Baronet would not send any person to insult her. He answered her thus :—

Madam,

It is most strange that you should repeat such impertinent stuff, as that I sent servants to insult you ; the story to which you allude about diamonds you have never explained. I have asked you

several times for the account of the two houses opposite; you ought to be able to state in ten minutes who the lodgers were, what was the amount of money received, and where the money is placed.

Did you order any things in the place of those that were broken? I remain

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

P. S. You did not tell me whether the tenant in High-street is in circumstances to pay her rent: she called here to say that she was not able.

Mrs. Mortimer had twice sent in her accounts, and answered the other questions in this letter; therefore she was at a loss how to proceed, as she suspected that what she sent to Sir Timothy's house never reached him. The servants refused taking in any letter, treating Mrs. Mortimer's people with the greatest insolence, and upon receiving the following letter

from the Baronet, she was convinced that he did not get her accounts.

Madam,

I beg you to send me the account of the sums you have received for the two houses, which I trust will at least exceed the rent. You stated that you came to Brighton by my desire, to superintend my concerns: how you could get such extravagant notions is strange, as you said in Town you were not returning to Hastings. I mentioned Brighton as a healthy spot, and where my residing might be a slight advantage above going to a strange place. Your having always expressed wishes to serve me, made me trouble you in trivial matters. Your mention of my sending my servant to abuse you is so indecent, that it is almost beneath me to notice it.

The saying my servants dirtied the houses is beyond any thing. I shall thank you to tell me whether this bill has been

paid, and any particulars of Mrs. G——
in High-street. I remain

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

How to act Mrs. Mortimer did not know. She was not permitted to speak with the Baronet, and she found it was in vain to endeavour to explain any thing by writing, as he either did not attend to what she wrote, or never got her letters. However, she once more sent her account, and as she received no answer, concluded that every thing would now be settled. But at length, the Baronet addressed Mrs. Mortimer as follows:—

Madam,

It is now some weeks since I asked you for the particulars of the lodgers, and the sums which they paid for 18 and 19; if this, which may be done in ten minutes, is not done to-day, I shall refer the business to my solicitor.

I remain, &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

In reply to this, Mrs. Mortimer wrote to the Baronet, that she had already repeatedly sent in her accounts; that if he would not see her, to settle them, she would request Mr. Stanton to come from Town, and do it for her. She was sorry in having incurred his displeasure, but she was ignorant how she had offended him; as it had been her study to meet his wishes on all occasions. To this Sir Timothy wrote the following:

Madam,

It is strange to hear you so repeatedly plead ignorance of what you have done wrong; I told you weeks since, that after seeing both houses myself, they were infinitely in a more beastly and disgraceful state, than with the Botts. Instead of shewing the least shame of feeling for having endangered the lives of my servants, who were all seized, one most dangerously, with illness in consequence, you said they had put filth

there. Would not any one think you mad, to say they could put in one day putrid ex—t and u—ne in the vessels ; if I chuse my servants to live well, that I am plundered. As to Mr. M——, an eminent merchant in this place, unacquainted with them, said, how you had talked about Mrs. Q—— and the diamonds, of his flying abroad, &c. &c. that he knew all this to be false, and that you had rendered yourself liable to transportation. I am going in a few days to Town, you will therefore give me references to your agent, and others ; you need not fear my naming you to Mr. M——, unless necessitated so to do, which I shall, unless you settle the accounts you have sent me with Mr. Chissel. If I am obliged to write to Mr. M——, it will be an unnecessary expence to both. I must likewise beg you to go over the house in High-street with Mr. Chissel. I remain, &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer, in answer, wrote as follows to the Baronet.

Sir,

I trust what I now write will prove sufficiently explicit to settle every thing between us. Although I wish to bury the past in oblivion (would that I could erase from my recollection the last twelve months), yet I feel it incumbent on me to state facts. Mrs. Grant and some more ladies drank tea with me at No. 18, the Tuesday week before you had the keys of the houses. They are ready to prove, that at that time they were perfectly clean, and Mrs. Grant's black servant, since that period, cleaned the furniture and windows, and my own servants the houses. Mr. Orloge and Mr. Bank will also prove that the furnishing and work done in those houses were superior to any other lodging houses in this place. Now, Sir, these are persons not only of character,

but some of them stand high in the estimation of the public, and I leave you to judge whose oath would have the greater weight—the witnesses I can bring forward, or those persons who have and still do impose on you; but even allowing that the houses had been left as shewn to you, why was I not informed of it till some days after, and surely only my servants could then be blamed; as of course you could not expect me to clean your houses, and you might have dismissed me from your service with politeness. Think, Sir, of the strength of your expressions—that I am guilty of falsehood, that I have laid myself open to transportation, and that I am outrageously indecent and ungrateful. How have I merited this character from you? Is this the return for endeavouring to save you from ruin? You request me to introduce you to my agent. Do you then suppose me an idiot, or void of all feeling, that after treating

me as you have done, that I will subject others to the same indignity? Or can you imagine that my friends will be willing to serve those who insult me?

Repecting the account I sent you, I have a book in which is entered every sixpence I paid to work-women, &c. &c. which it was my intention to have shewn you; but when you refused seeing me, I was advised, to prevent any altercation, to apply to an upholsterer, and desire the most moderate charges paid for work: my own time I have not charged, and as you had taken every present from me which you had ever given, I charged for some of mine, but only the wholesale prices, as when I presented them, it was with an impression of making some trifling return for those with which you had presented me.

But if you refer to my letters, you will find that I have said that I wish every thing settled to your satisfaction. I

only wish to have money to pay the expences I have incurred since I have been here, and to enable me to establish myself again in London, for which I am willing to give a bond, or make over my pension, till the interest and principal are repaid.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient and humble servant,

HUBERTINE MORTIMER.

This letter had not the desired effect, for she received the following reply:—

Madam,

Mr. Alexander Modish informs me you have no right to make upholsterer's charges, even if the work had been properly done, much less as you could make a bed before breakfast, &c. &c. in short, as every thing was obliged to be undone; and of the vases and skreens, if you had them in your house, intending to make the presents, you have

a right to say that you will not send them, unless such a price is allowed; but when once the presents are made, you cannot make a claim, though you have the intention. I might much more fairly charge you sixty pounds for garden stuff, &c. for that was good of its sort. I am sorry you have compelled me to leave the settling of all the sums you had of Mr. Chissel with him; you must arrange it with him as you can. The rent of the bare walls of the two houses opposite you will settle with Mr. Black, when the year is up. Respecting Mr. M——, I stated that a merchant here stated how imprudent you had been to talk so publicly, and what a predicament you had placed yourself in. I shall expect you to give me the references, as I am shortly going to Town, where I may investigate the business myself. If I find it at all as you suppose, and have heard, I shall insist that the M——s never molest

you ; even if I find you mistaken, it is not my wish to speak to them about you.

I remain, &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer now expected Mr. Charles Stanton every day, when she hoped that he would be able to settle every thing to the satisfaction of all parties. As soon as he arrived, Mrs. Mortimer sent in, once more, her accounts to the Baronet, and Mr. Stanton wrote a note to say that he would have the pleasure of waiting on him at any hour he would appoint ; previously to which he had called at Sir Timothy Flight's, but his servants denied that he was at home. The following reply was returned to Mr. Stanton's note :

Sir,

It is strange Mrs. Mortimer should have given you the trouble of coming about her shameful neglect of the houses

of which she took charge, a trouble you would scarcely have taken, if you had an idea of the outrageous indecency of her conduct.

I remain, Sir, your's, &c. &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer the evening before had received a letter from the Baronet to the same effect :

Madam,

The repeated proofs you have given of outrageous ingratitude and insolence were unnecessary to convince me of the liberties you have taken with my character, as well as with those of others ; if you will do as you promise, you shall take the consequences, which may not be agreeable.

I remain, &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

This was the reply to Mrs. Mortimer's

last letter to the Baronet. She gave an immediate answer, as follows :

Sir,

From the note you sent me last evening, I find what I suspected is true, that some persons have prejudiced you against me. As I am ignorant of what I am accused, it is impossible for me to vindicate myself; but I appeal to your own judgment to decide upon my conduct.

When I came to Brighton, I found that the produce of your garden was ordered by your steward to be given to a school, and to one of his other employers; I thought it proper to inform you of this, and you acted as you pleased.

Your solicitor not only told me, but others, that you were in his debt; that you were under the greatest obligations to him, for that one or other of his family attended every day at the Lunatic-office, on your account. I told you this, because I knew it to be false, because I

was afraid that he might not only take advantage of, but materially injure you, by such a report. I also told you other particulars respecting them, as persons, to whom I was a stranger, sent to me to say that you had placed confidence in notorious characters, who would ruin you. What motive could I do this from but to serve you? I have no connection whom I wish to take their place. I introduced to you Mr. Charles Stanton, a gentleman of superior education and abilities, who, on my account, would serve you, and put you in a way of extricating yourself from your present difficulties. I did not stop even here, but applied to my agent to advance you money, if necessary. I heard from every one, and saw, that you had been imposed on in a farm, which had been taken for you. Was it not my duty to tell you? You desired me to look into your house accounts; I found them enormous; I saw you plundered by every one. Could I

in justice forbear informing you of the impositions practised ?

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient, &c.

HUBERTINE MORTIMER.

No other answer was given to this letter than that an hour was appointed for Mr. Stanton to wait on the Baronet. He attended at the time, but was informed that Sir Timothy was out. Mrs. Mortimer then wrote a note to the Baronet, expressing, that as Mr. Charles Stanton left Brighton the next morning, she hoped that he would appoint a time for seeing him, previously to his departure. Mr. Stanton attended, but Sir Timothy was again denied, and Mrs. Mortimer could not wish her friend to subject himself to such indignant treatment in future. As soon as Mr. Stanton had left Brighton, the Baronet addressed to her the following note :

Madam,

Mr. Chissel has returned. I will either desire him to settle the accounts with you, unless you prefer receiving my communications through Mrs. Brush.

I remain, &c. &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer knew this was done to insult her, therefore she felt doubly mortified in being in the situation which had reduced her to accept of superintending Sir Timothy's concerns. Of Mr. Chissel she was dreadfully afraid, for his swearing terrified her. Mrs. Brush was now the companion of the Baronet and his protégée, constantly taking airings with Miss Shark; and when they passed Mrs. Mortimer's house, standing up in the carriage, that they might see into her windows, and insult her. With neither of these persons could she think of holding any sort of correspondence, of which she informed Sir Timothy in these words:

Sir,

The note which I have this moment received from you does indeed surprise me, because a few months (even weeks) since, I thought it was impossible for Sir Timothy Flight to treat any person with incivility, particularly an unprotected female, who came here under his immediate protection. You, sir, refused seeing Mr. Charles Stanton, and I beg to decline having any communication with your servants, who have already insulted me.

As I have repeatedly assured you, I do and ever shall feel sincere gratitude for your kindness, and it was my wish to have returned the obligation, by saving you from ruin. But although I am sensible of the obligation which you voluntarily have conferred upon me, I am also aware of the respect which is due to myself, and I should merit your contempt, could I longer look over the treatment which you think proper to inflict. There-

fore, as you force me to it, I shall explain every thing which has passed to your connections, and abide by their decision, and whatever the result may prove, you must allow that you have forced me to this expedient ; and I assure you, if only my own interest was at stake, I should never take any steps to come to an explanation, but in my ruin that of my children is involved.

I remain, Sir, your obedient, &c. &c.

HUBERTINE MORTIMER.

CHAP. IV.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt ;
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd :
 Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory ;
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when, at last,
 Gather'd like scum, and settled in itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change,
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd : if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble.

MILTON:

To the great affliction of Mrs. Mortimer, her servant put this letter into her hand two days after Mr. Charles Stanton had departed from Sussex :

Madam,

I have received instructions for making application to you for the imme-

diate payment of two hundred and ninety pounds to Mr. Chissel, on account of Sir Timothy Flight, being for monies advanced to you, as per account delivered, and admitted by you. As my directions herein are peremptory, I trust you will have the goodness to pay either myself or Mr. Chissel the above amount, which may perhaps save much trouble and expence. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient, &c. &c.

JAMES BATCH.

Princes-place, 1810.

Mrs. Mortimer sent to request Mr. Batch would call on her, that he might see all her accounts and concerns with the Baronet, when he would find that the balance of accounts was very considerably in her favour; but, in the following note from Mr. Batch, he declined so doing.

Madam,

I should have replied to your's

before, but I have been exceedingly taken up to-day. With respect to the account in dispute, I certainly do not pretend to judge, nor is it in my province to investigate. Mr. Chissel states a claim which he says you have admitted, and which he is ready to verify by affidavit. If the balance is so decidedly on your side as you state, I trust you will see the necessity of conferring with Mr. Chissel immediately on the subject, and having satisfied him as to the error, the matter is brought to a close at once: but I must beg leave to remind Mrs. Mortimer that my instructions are peremptory, and trust therefore that no delay will take place.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

JAMES BATCH.

Princes-place, 1810.

Mrs. Mortimer was at a loss to know how such a demand could be made on her, for she had never received even the half of the sum specified from Mr. Chis-

sel, either for salary or otherwise ; therefore she was determined to ask the Baronet for information on the subject, as she had never had any accounts delivered, or seen any, consequently could not have admitted that she was indebted either to Sir Timothy Flight or Mr. Chissel ; she therefore wrote to the Baronet as follows :

Sir,

To my great astonishment, I this evening received a letter from Mr. Batch, the solicitor, for the immediate payment of two hundred and ninety pounds to " Mr. Chissel, on account of Sir Timothy Flight, being monies advanced to you as per account delivered, and admitted by you."

Now, Sir, you perfectly well know that when I came to superintend your concerns at Brighton, the agreement was that you were to find me a house ; and you told me that I might draw upon Mr.

Abraham Modish or Mr. Chissel for five hundred per year, which I thought too much: you then settled that I was to have three hundred per annum. In regard to any accounts of Mr. Chissel's I have never seen any: he gave me fifty pounds to pay any debts I had in London and my journey down, in presence of Mrs. Grief (late Miss Lanton), as a present from you; he also gave me fifty pounds in advance of my salary when I came to Brighton, and when I began to furnish your own houses twenty pounds more, which are all the monies I ever had of Mr. Chissel. That you should proceed against me in such a very unhandsome manner is really wonderful, as your own conscience (and sooner or later you must attend to it) must tell you that in justice you are upwards of three hundred pounds in my debt; but even supposing that I was your debtor, did not Mr. Charles Stanton come from London to settle with you, which you refused.

That I am poor, that I am an unprotected widow, and have four helpless infants, whose future prospects in life depend upon me, is indeed a heart-rending affliction ; but I have a firm reliance on that Supreme Being who provides the nest for the sparrow, and the lair for the tigers, that the hand which so liberally provides for the meanest insect will extend its bounty to the fatherless and widow. Wherever I look I see his all-providing goodness ; even the worm which creeps into the earth, and the feathered chorister, which wings its way to the nest, shew it me : then shall I dare presume to doubt his mercy ? And wretched as I am, believe me, that I would not change it with those who can influence you to such acts of injustice and oppression. I shall to-morrow go to Town, and lay every circumstance which has passed between us before your relations.

I remain, Sir, your obedient, &c.

HUBERTINE MORTIMER.

The only answer given to this letter was a few lines saying that in future she must address herself to Mr. Chissel. Finding that she could obtain no redress from Sir Timothy, as Mr. Alexander Modish seldom left him, and he had become such a favourite of Miss Shark, that he could mould her as best suited his purposes, she determined to go to Town, and wait upon the Baronet's relations, informing them how he was situated, and abide by their advice. They received her with great politeness, regretted the state in which Sir Timothy Flight was, and authorized her to say that they would all be happy to see him; that the past would not be mentioned, and that they would meet as friends who had long been separated. Mrs. Mortimer was delighted to write this to the Baronet, for next to the welfare of her children, it was the first wish of her heart that he should be restored to his relations, and quit a society which was in every

respect degrading, and leave persons who had gained such influence over him as even to induce him to commit actions which could never otherwise enter his imagination. She wrote to the Baronet what his uncle had told her ; but Sir Timothy Flight took no notice of Mrs. Mortimer's letter. She consulted a professional gentleman of the first eminence in the law, who advised that a solicitor should write to Mr. Batch, to desire that the accounts to which he alluded in his letter might be immediately forwarded to him ; for he had seen Mrs. Mortimer's receipts, day-book, &c. and that the balance assuredly was much in her favour ; but if they could not agree, he requested it might be referred to arbitration. No answer was given to this request ; upon which two ladies of Mrs. Mortimer's acquaintance called in the Temple, and represented to Mr. Alexander Modish the cruelty of not settling with Mrs. Mortimer, as it prevented her

from seeking some way of providing for her children. He said that the accounts should never be settled if he could prevent it, as he would do every thing in his power to keep the Baronet at variance with Mrs. Mortimer, and put himself in such a rage, that the ladies were glad to take their leave, as they had not been used to such a reception from a gentleman. Mrs. Mortimer's solicitor and friends advised her to return to Brighton, as they thought Mr. Batch's letter was only written to frighten her. This was very repugnant to her feelings, for she was dreadfully afraid of Mr. Chissel; but as she had a lady who boarded with her, and her two little girls being also in Sussex, it was necessary that she should go back. She took a friend with her, and her doing so proved very fortunate, for she had great need of her advice and assistance the morning after her arrival at Brighton. As she was sitting at breakfast, Sir Timothy Flight's servant

(George) entered ; he said he considered it as his duty to inform Mrs. Mortimer that Mr. Modish and Mr. Chissel had formed a conspiracy to drive her out of Brighton, to accomplish which a writ was taken out against her for two hundred and ninety pounds, and that they were determined to place her in Horsham jail. Mrs. Mortimer was extremely alarmed at this intelligence, and consulting with the friend who had accompanied her, it was decided that they should leave Sussex that night ; accordingly every thing was packed up, and ready for departing, when George informed Mrs. Mortimer that Brighton was in an uproar, that all the carriages in the place were stopped from taking her, and that her house was beset with all the tradespeople to whom she was indebted. In a few minutes her house was a scene of the greatest confusion. Mrs. Dart, the brandy-merchant, came with four men to seize on every thing in the house

for rent: some of the tradespeople swore at and insulted Mrs. Mortimer in the grossest language, calling her a swindler, and many other dreadful appellations. This was on a Sunday; and she was so frightened that she did not know how to act. Mrs. Godefroï, who came with her, begged she would make her escape, and she would take care of the children and follow her. This she did; but being perceived by one of her creditors, he called to others; they struck her in the side, and treated her in the most brutal manner. She went to an inn for a chaise; but when she asked for one, one of the tradespeople swore that if they attempted to take her out of town that he would cut the traces. To describe poor Mrs. Mortimer's situation is impossible; she walked on, the people swearing that as soon as twelve o'clock struck they would arrest her: George was with her, and a poor man came up, and whispered to her not to be so terrified; that there was

not one who followed that was a sheriff's officer, or any that could arrest her ; that if she would give him something for his trouble, he would take her to a cottage of his father's, and get her a chaise. George also said he would go with her : to this she agreed ; but several men still followed and abused her : at last she fainted with terror, and her knee was cut in the fall to the bone. When she came to herself she proceeded ; but not being equipped for such an expedition, her silk stockings and shoes were by the flints soon worn from her feet, and they were in a dreadful condition. At last the tradespeople were tired of following her ; and after walking eleven miles in the middle of the night she reached the cottage : they got her a chaise, and she proceeded to London ; but was more dead than alive, and her money nearly exhausted. She heard nothing of her friend or children till the next evening, when they made their

appearance. Mrs. Godefroï informed her that Mrs. Dart had locked up every thing in the house ; that she and the two children had not had a bed to sleep upon ; and that every person was shocked to think that Mrs. Dart, who was herself a widow and a mother, should act so cruelly, more especially as she was supposed to be very religious : but she had seized on every thing belonging to Mrs. Mortimer and her children, not leaving them even a change of apparel. The youngest child, who was between five and six years of age, was so frightened that it brought on a pleurisy, and no hopes were entertained of her life ; and Mrs. Godefroï could not have brought the little Mortimers to town if it had not been for the humanity of a gentleman belonging to the War-office, who, though a stranger to Mrs Mortimer, was so hurt at hearing how she had been treated, that he politely sent a five pound note, fearing that the lady might not have suf-

ficient to pay the expences of the journey. Mrs. Mortimer, as soon as she was sufficiently composed, thanked him for his great goodness, when she received this very kind answer :

War-office, 29th May, 1810.

Madam,

Simply to acknowledge the receipt of your afflicting letter of the 24th instant were to admit that I do not sympathize in your sufferings. The event which has introduced me to a knowledge of your situation is indeed most painful to my feelings ; and be assured that although an utter stranger to you, the ingenuous recital of your case has so strongly impressed me with its sincerity, that to attempt any inquiry would surely be to doubt that I can feel another's woes. I feel, yes, and I do from my heart lament that man can be a monster ; but daily experience proves the fact ; and it is against the unprotected and

distressed that his venom is directed. Conscious rectitude, however, never fails to triumph, for virtue is its own reward : may it be your lot. As for myself, if I have rendered you any service I am satisfied ; and to Miss F—— am I indebted for the consolation I enjoy. My dear Madam, you may always command

Your faithful servant,

H. C. H.

Mrs. Mortimer was now in a deplorable situation, without a home, clothes, or money ; one child sick, and the other always in such delicate health as required every attention. She wrote to Sir Timothy, describing her miserable state, and the treatment which she had received ; but, as before, he took no notice of her letter ; she also informed his relations : they were distressed beyond measure at hearing of her sufferings : one of his uncles spoke to him on the subject, but could obtain no redress for

her. The Bishop of ———, pitying her distress, sent her thirty pounds; and several persons, hearing of the usage she had received, sent her presents. She wrote to Mrs. Abraham and Miss Modish, requesting them to intercede with their father and brother to have her accounts settled; but they, in their new splendour, had forgotten the poverty they once knew, and had no commiseration for their less fortunate fellow creatures. Miss at that time was fully taken up with a half-pay lieutenant, whom she meant to honour with her hand, provided she could not get any one better. Mrs. Mortimer was indefatigable in her exertions for her family: she got work from the fashionable milliner, Mrs. A———, in Bruton-street; and the sister of that lady, who possesses every feminine virtue, sent Mrs. Mortimer money, and clothes for her children, as did also Mr. and Mrs. Minerva, a family from whom Mrs. Mortimer had re-

ceived many kind attentions while she was in Sussex. Several professional gentlemen of the first eminence gave Mrs. Mortimer their opinion gratis. Her solicitor wrote to Mr. Abraham Modish, to beg to have the accounts between Sir Timothy Flight and Mr. Mortimer settled, and also to know why Lutterel Mortimer's school-bills were refused payment. No notice was taken of these letters; and she again applied to a person high in the estimation of the public, and who was considered one of the first council. His answer was :

Madam,

A severe indisposition has prevented me from acknowledging your favour; but it at the same time enabled me to have some inquiry made about the parties you mention, and I am mortified that the result does not point out any mode by which I can be of the least service to you. I understand the

confidence which Sir Timothy Flight places in the agents he employs is unlimited, no interference from persons of ordinary description is therefore likely to be of the least use. Your situation is a melancholy one, but I should hope those persons who have caused it will relent, rather than permit the story to be made public. I am glad to find Mr. G—— is in the number of your friends. I return the narrative for the reason he has already assigned on the back of it. I am,

Madam,

Your very obedient servant,

R. SCONCE.

Temple, 1810.

All the professional men advised Mrs. Mortimer to remain quiet, and let Mr. Abraham Modish begin the action, as it would be easier, and less expensive to defend it, than to commence the prosecution. Dr. Johns went to Sir Timothy Flight's, to endeavour to get Lutterel Mortimer's school-bills paid, but could

never gain admittance, as did also several friends of Mrs. Mortimer's, some of whom were military men ; but the Baronet was never visible. Mrs. Mortimer had no servant : her four children were now at home, for when Sir Timothy had agreed to educate her second son, at a less expensive school than where his brother was, she placed him at a seminary in Brighton, but the child did not improve : she mentioned this to Dr. Johns, who knew her situation, and in consideration of which, as Lutterel Mortimer had always conducted himself much to his satisfaction, he offered to educate Edmund Mortimer for forty pounds per annum, therefore he had been six months with Dr. Johns. All the children were now at home for the holidays, but the fatigue was too much for Mrs. Mortimer : she had been ill ever since she was driven in such a merciless manner from Brighton, and she was now seized with a fever, which confined her for several months ;

and for many weeks was attended by two physicians, and her dissolution expected every hour. The famous Doctor B—— humanely attended her, and he ordered all the children to be sent away; therefore the boys were returned to Dr. Johns, and the girls to a lady, who only took a few to educate. If Mrs. Mortimer was before distressed in her circumstances, this expence completed her ruin. When she was better, she did not dare take air, or exercise, as some of the people from Brighton went to one of her relations, and said if she was above ground, they would find her, and send her to prison.

During her illness, she lost the only relation who had the power with the inclination to assist her; he died suddenly at Bath. This added much to her affliction, but she seemed doomed to know no happiness.

After her recovery, the first letter put into her hands was one from her solicitor,

inclosing one from Mr. Abraham Modish to him, to this effect:—

Sir,

I laid your letter, of the twenty-first of June, before my friend Sir Timothy Flight, the earliest opportunity that offered, and he produced vouchers under Mrs. Mortimer's own hand, which makes a balance of four hundred pounds and upwards, to be due to him, which he expects she will immediately cause to be secured by her bond, and insuring her life in the manner she proposed at Brighton. On these conditions he desires me to suspend proceeding against her. It is needless entering into any discussion of the various topics to which you advert; had Sir Timothy Flight received the libellous letters which Mrs. Mortimer has thought proper to address to himself and his friends, in any other than the most contemptuous light, he would have been less lenient; but it may perhaps be chari-

table to caution her against too licentious an indulgence of her pen. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ABRAHAM MODISH.

The libellous correspondence to which Mr. Modish adverts was Mrs. Mortimer copying Sir Timothy Flight's letters, which he wrote to her when he placed her son at school ; as she thought, if he had recollected them, he could never object to pay Dr. Johns her boy's school-bills. Her solicitor advised her to take no other notice of this letter than to copy it, and enclose it to the Baronet ; and for some months she heard no more of the business. She was confined to her house by illness from June to October, and Dr. Johns kindly and generously offered for the two boys to stay with him till Christmas, as he considered it probable that Sir Timothy would have too great a regard for his honour to forfeit it by not fulfilling the promise he had made of

educating Lutterel Mortimer for the church.

Mrs. Mortimer now advertised for the situation of governess, as she thought, by going out in that capacity, she should be able to pay her childrens' school-bills. A lady answered her advertisement, and for sixty guineas per year she was to undertake the education of six young ladies, and to instruct them in English, French, Italian, geography, drawing, music, writing, arithmetic, and history. She regretted being compelled to leave the lady with whom she lodged, for she had behaved to her like a sister; she had sat up with her twenty-two nights when she was ill, and she was so pleasant in her manners, that Mrs. Mortimer was sincerely sorry to lose her society, and if she could have afforded to pay what was requisite for her board, she would not have left her, for her spirits were so depressed, that she felt herself scarcely equal to the

task she had undertaken. She had seen part of the family with whom she was to reside: Mr. Mrs. and two of the Miss Cashes, had been in Town, and Mrs. Mortimer was by no means prejudiced in their favour. Previously to her joining this family, in Essex, she passed a few days at the Reverend Edward Stanton's in Buckinghamshire. The change of scene, and being with friends whom she sincerely valued, had a very beneficial effect upon her health. To all this amiable and good family she was indebted, for assisting her in her pecuniary difficulties during her long indisposition, and it may naturally be supposed she parted from them with great regret. Mrs. Mortimer, however, had sufficient command of herself to act in every respect according to what she considered to be her duty: she had long given up any hope of happiness on this side the grave; but she trusted, that by

persevering in doing right here, she should secure felicity hereafter.

With this impression she took her seat, in the latter end of October, in the Harwich coach, which passed New-built Hall, the seat of Mr. Cash. About nine in the evening she was set down at the gate belonging to this mansion: a dirty boy attended to take charge of the luggage, and as he was not sufficiently strong to carry the portmanteau on his shoulder, Mrs. Mortimer had ever and anon to stop, that the poor creature might rest himself. It was a fine moon-light night, and she saw that the grounds appeared pretty, but the house seemed unfinished, as it had only one wing. Altogether the place looked respectable, and gave her a more favourable opinion of the family than she had formed by their appearance in London; but on entering the house all was total darkness, and she was put into a small parlour, till Mr. and Mrs. Cash were informed of her arrival. At

length an Abigail brought a light, and she was conducted into a drawing-room, where the whole family were assembled. Mrs. Cash received her with great stiffness, and introduced her to all present as her children, excepting two gentlemen. This rather surprised Mrs. Mortimer, as several of the young ladies appeared more fit for a husband than a governess. Mrs. Cash said they should soon have tea, and in the mean time her eldest daughter would shew her to her apartment. It now required all Mrs. Mortimer's presence of mind to conceal her disgust at the room appropriated for her use; it exactly resembled what her manservant used to sleep in: white walls, a check bed and window curtain, a common deal table, two chairs, a chest of drawers, and a looking glass, comprehended the furniture of this elegant apartment. She observed that at tea she was the last served: the eldest daughter, son, and company, had cream, and thin bread

and butter; but the governess and rest of the family milk, and thick bread with little butter. Mrs. Mortimer pleaded being fatigued, and retired to her garret, but before she could even undress herself, a servant entered to demand her candle, as her mistress never let any person put out their own light. This was far from agreeable news, for Mrs. Mortimer was always fond of both reading and writing at night, when the house is perfectly quiet; and she now saw that she should be debarred of this comfort. At nine o'clock the family assembled to breakfast; and when Mrs. Mortimer joined them, a gallon loaf was put into her hand, and she was desired to cut the thick bread and butter for the children. This was a most unfortunate request, as she had all her life attempted gaining this accomplishment, but without success, and even at a small loaf she performed so awkwardly, that her friends always insisted she should pay a forfeit if she

touched the bread, they not being able to shew their own dexterity afterwards, as she left the loaf so uneven as to render it impossible to cut Vauxhall slices. However, she did as well as she could, but probably it would have been some hours before the young ladies were satisfied, if Mr. George Cash had not very kindly released her from the difficult task. The same ceremony was kept up at each meal, namely that Mrs. Mortimer was last served. When breakfast was over, Mrs. Cash accompanied Mrs. Mortimer to the school-room, and addressed her as follows:— “I wish you, madam, to understand, that I want my daughters to be very accomplished ; also I wish them to attend to household concerns, mending their clothes, &c. you will hear them their prayers every morning and night ; see their linen right from the wash and given out to wash ; also that it is properly aired, and, when you want an hour to yourself, if you ask me you shall have

it, if I can spare you. Two hours you must walk every day with the girls : they must rise by seven o'clock in the morning ; but as they have had the ague, I do not chuse they should learn any thing before breakfast, only skip ; and they have ropes for that exercise. I also beg that you will dress remarkably plain, as I do not like the appearance of a fine lady."

She then departed, and poor Mrs. Mortimer was really an object of compassion, for she saw that she was to be considered no better than an upperservant. As to her dress, how it could be plainer she could not divine, as she was in deep mourning, and not even the least white about her. In London Mrs. Cash had told her that her second daughter was a bad temper, and she feared that Mrs. Mortimer would have some trouble with her, but on the contrary she found that this young lady was nineteen years of age, kept the same hours, and was treated the same as the children. They had all

been neglected in their education, but the second of the Miss Cashes shewed such kindness and attention to Mrs. Mortimer, that she was sorry to leave her, for she was convinced, if treated properly, she would have been both amiable and accomplished ; and indeed all the children, if sent away from their parents, might have turned out tolerably.

Mrs. Mortimer immediately entered on her new situation, and gave the young people such lessons as she judged proper ; at dinner she could hardly keep her countenance. The two gentlemen who were visitors were limbs of the law ; one was extremely clever, and they played off Mr. and Mrs. Cash to great advantage. The master and mistress of the house sat at the top of the table ; the company on their left hand ; their eldest son, who was just from college, was more civilized than the rest of the company, and sat at the bottom ; the remainder of the family sat promiscuously. The table was filled

with ample provisions, but was a scene of confusion, all the plates and dishes being handed from one to another across the table. The most affectionate expressions passed, as "love, love, Georgy, Georgy,—have a bit of goosy, deary, do, deary, Tally sal pick a little bony, precious little darling shall have a nice bit of tarty."—When the cheese came Mrs. Cash observed that the small beer was excellent, but if Mrs. Mortimer liked a drop of ale, she was very welcome to have it, and when the wine was put on the table, Mr. Cash gave her half a glass of port, as being more wholesome than white. Never was any person more out of their element than Mrs. Mortimer; the conversation was perfectly new to her, and great part of it totally unintelligible. Mr. George Cash behaved very civilly, but his mother looked very grave at him for so doing. When the cloth was removed, Mrs. Mortimer and the young people returned to the school-room; they

all drank tea with the family, after which the governess was to hear these great girls their prayers, and put them to bed. Mrs. Cash sent up to say that Mrs. Mortimer might return for a short time to the parlour, if she pleased.

The next morning she attended to dress the young ladies, after which they began skipping, but as no skipping-rope, or fire, had been provided for Mrs. Mortimer, she was nearly perished with cold. Her attempt at cutting bread and butter was worse this morning than ever ; it was a home baked loaf, burnt in the oven, and after several times trying, she gave up the loaf to one of the gentlemen, for she could not even make the knife penetrate, the crust was so hard. After the meal was over, Mrs. Cash requested an audience with Mrs. Mortimer ; she began with saying that she was extremely sorry to distress her, but she had received information, which was very distressing to her feelings, as she had been told that

Mrs. Mortimer had been mistress to Sir Timothy Flight, had ran away from him, and left a great many debts in Brighton. Mrs. Mortimer desired to know from whom she had received such intelligence, but she objected to give up the author. Upon this Mrs. Mortimer fetched all Sir Timothy Flight's letters, and put them into Mrs. Cash's hands, and related the treatment which she had experienced in Sussex; upon which Mrs. Cash owned that she had been to the family in Colchester, from whence Mrs. Mortimer had married, also to Taun Hall near Witham, and that both these families had convinced her that it was a malicious report. However, Mrs. Mortimer saw that Mr. and Mrs. Cash looked on her with a suspicious eye, and she felt her situation not only very uncomfortable, but the fatigue of attending on six young ladies, from seven in the morning till nine at night, was more than her health was at that

period equal to. The party was this day augmented - by a Captain Simper : he commanded an excise cutter, and in return for the good cheer he got at New-built (or, as it was called by the populace, One Pound) Hall, devoted much of his time to the family. They had been in his cutter to several watering places ; in short, it was entirely at their command. He came with the pleasing news that it was painting, and would soon be ready for their reception, as they must have one more sail before Christmas. A very amiable family residing near, the gentleman being barrack master, Mrs. Mortimer asked if they knew them.— Oh ! dear ! No, was the reply, we never suffer any red coats to visit here ; and the young ladies said their papa and mamma were frightened to death, of their being run away with by some of the protectors of their country ; that they had given a dance not long since, and had great difficulty in getting partners,

as all officers were excluded from coming to their house. Mrs. Mortimer had a letter to inform her that a vacancy had taken place in a royal public charity, and if she would offer herself a candidate, probably she might succeed. She therefore immediately wrote to the first Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary, a Commandant of royal marines, and several public characters, whose interest was necessary to be obtained ; she gave these letters to an old man, who appeared to be factotum to the family, and soon after he called Mrs. Cash out : when she returned vengeance sat on her brow, which never had a very conciliating appearance. Mrs. Mortimer, as usual, retired with her pupils, but a few minutes after she was told that Mr. Cash requested her company in the drawing-room. She found him alone, and he thus addressed her : “ I am sorry to inform you, Madam, that you will not suit my place, therefore the sooner you go the better.”—Mrs. Mor-

Mortimer was thunder-struck at this address, and entreated to know how she had offended ; he said she had given no offence to him, or any of his family, but from what he had heard and seen, she could not stay with them ; in short he thought her much too fine a lady to educate his daughters.—He added, that a coach passed for London by his gate at nine o'clock at night. She was so confounded and mortified at this conversation, that it was sometime before she could collect her spirits ; when she returned to the school-room the children were all gone, and the servant told her that Mrs. Cash had taken them out of the house. She requested that a post-chaise might be immediately sent for, as waiting in that situation till nine at night was totally impossible ; she could not submit to sit at table with persons who had treated her in such an unfeeling manner, and who had formed such an unfavourable opinion of her character. In

a few hours she left New-built Hall, when the servant informed her that she was the third governess who had only stayed a few days in the house. In her drive to Colchester, Mrs. Mortimer reflected upon her past life, how unfortunate she had been in all her undertakings, and considered what she must now do to support her four infants.

“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusky death. Out, out brief candle ;
 Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale,
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.”

Mrs. Mortimer called on her dear friends at Colchester. Mrs. Cash had just been to them, and mentioned the persons with whom Mrs. Mortimer corresponded, as something very dreadful.

The latter passed some hours with these kind friends, and diverted them with an account of the inmates of New-built, or One Pound Hall. The history of Mr. Cash and his family was very concise; the gentleman was a tradesman, dealing in several useful articles; he had engaged in a bank, and New-built, or One Pound Hall got that name by his having built it from the circulation of notes of that amount. The family now moved in a different sphere of life to what they had ever expected; and this *would-be gentleman and lady* only valued persons according to their riches; consequently Mrs. Mortimer had no chance of standing high in their estimation.

On her return to London, she met with the kindest reception from the lady with whom she lodged. She did every thing in her power to make her comfortable, and once more Mrs. Mortimer devoted her time to needle-work; but as the amiable Princess Amelia was at that

time considered in a dangerous state, a total stop took place in all fancy and ornamental works, and comparatively speaking, she could get no employment. The holidays now drew near. Dr. Johns had not been paid her sons school-bills, and to encroach further on his goodness was totally impossible. She therefore thought that she would try what she could obtain from the Baronet.

On her return from Essex, she had informed his uncle of the scandalous reports circulated respecting her and Sir Timothy; and she knew that the Bishop of — had kindly applied to the Baronet's late tutor to write to him on the subject, as she was determined, if possible, to know from whence the report originated. She wrote to Mrs. Cash on the subject, but her husband denied the whole, alleging that they did not know for what reason Mrs. Mortimer had ran away from their house, which letter she enclosed to those

friends in Essex to whom Mrs. Cash had mentioned the circumstance; of course she appeared to them in a very respectable light, because

“ Truth is a gem above all value.”

As Lutterel Mortimer used to present little tokens of gratitude to the Baronet, Mrs. Mortimer had a topaz set in a ring, which the Colonel brought from the East Indies. She wrote to Sir Timothy, explaining her situation, and that she was recommended to set up a boarding-house for young gentlemen belonging to Westminster school, as it would give her an opportunity of educating her boys there, and that she was willing to engage in any way in which she could promote the welfare of her children; but that without a small sum to begin with, it was not practicable. She enclosed the ring in these lines:—

" On every side the threatening tempest lowers,
 Distress and woe my weary steps surround,
 Stern poverty her baleful torrent pours,
 And slander's blasting breezes far resound :
 Malignant tempest ! wilt thou never cease,
 Till life's last sigh hath trembled from my heart ?
 Must my unhappy soul ne'er taste of peace,
 Till the dread hour that dooms her to depart ?
 Still to succeeding grief an easy prey,
 Fated to feel those pangs I cannot cure ;
 Corroding sorrow marks each passing day,
 And forms new ills for future life to endure."

By return of post Mrs. Mortimer had this reply :—

Madam,

The unparalleled and infamous way
 in which you have behaved deserved
 only from me the most severe and im-
 mediate punishment. When I first offered
 to put your boy to school, you should
 not have let him gone to such an expen-
 sive school as Kensington. I knew not
 any other, but you might and ought to
 have found some school where boys of

better prospects in life than he are educated at a third of the expence. Major M—— would have found Scotch schools, where he would have been well educated for even less. When after that I had thought of putting you, out of charity, in the way of earning a comfortable livelihood here, instead of gratitude for my munificent charity, your talking of having come here to superintend my concerns, was the most outrageous degree of folly, insolence, and wickedness. You have met with lenity you little deserved; if then you do not immediately give a clear and proper account of the way in which you have spent the sums received while here, I shall tell my steward and my solicitor that the sums they took upon themselves to advance you, without my order, they must proceed against you for. There was nearly three hundred pounds balance, beside the sums received from Mr. Abraham Modish, of which he has receipts, and with one hun-

dred and fifty, or two hundred pounds, you had from Mrs. Grant, as you have not paid your lodging nor the trades-peoples' bills you owe here, not even butchers' and bakers' bills, all of which you must have paid the year previous in London. You must have received five or six hundred more the year you was here than the year before in London, and of this, unless you immediately give a clear account, I shall desire my steward and my solicitor to settle matters directly with you, and the Brighton tradespeople will then flock to return you their thanks.

I remain, &c. &c.

T. FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer explained to Sir Timothy, that she never had the sums which he mentioned; that Mrs. Grant paid her ten pounds a month for the board and lodging of herself and black servant, consequently she could not be a gainer by her; and respecting placing her son at

the Reverend Dr. Johns, that it was his particular request that the boy might be sent there. She also made an exact statement of all her pecuniary concerns, to which she received this answer.—

Brighton, 1810.

Madam,

You have only sent an account of thirty-six pounds, forty-five pounds, and forty pounds, amounting to one hundred and twenty-one pounds. You had better therefore send the receipts of what you paid here in a parcel; though as you have not paid lodging, butchers', or bakers' bills, it will not be easy to account for the balance of the sums you received from my solicitor and steward, amounting to above four hundred pounds. You are aware they would not be very unwilling, if I would permit them, to punish you as you deserve, with the most extreme severity. The only way to avoid this, is to make an immediate and accu-

rate account how you have spent the sums you received, and to give a bond for what you are indebted to me, either in the way you yourself proposed in the letter you wrote to me at Edinburgh, or any other more adviseable mode; and which bond you may gradually pay off. You little deserve any lenity from me, but I suppose you had rather trust to my lenity than settle accounts with my solicitor and steward. If you shew a proper contrition for your diabolical conduct, I may perhaps write to Dr. C—— who was my tutor at college, to say what I can for you.

I remain, &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

As to shewing a proper contrition, Mrs. Mortimer knew that she had always strictly performed her duty while she was in Sir Timothy Flight's service; and as to the sums he specified that she had received, she never had any more than

what has already been mentioned. She was aware that the Baronet was imposed on by Mr. Abraham Modish and Mr. Chissel, but all she could do was to send her day-book, in which she entered all the monies she either received or paid, and the receipts of the tradespeople ; trusting to Sir Timothy's honour to return them, which he did, accompanied by this letter:—

Brighton.

Madam,

I return you your parcel. I am surprised you should have the impudence and folly to send me your book, with a salary put down of three hundred per year, and other things so absurd, it is useless to mention. You might as well have said you were entitled to five hundred a year for the years I paid your boy's schooling. My housekeeper might, with less folly and impudence, claim one thousand a year. It is a new and pleasant way cer-

tainly of earning money, to claim a salary of a benefactor, while and for receiving from him munificent obligations of charity; and such conduct shews singular goodness of head and heart. To end, however, this most disgusting business, if you do not immediately prepare to execute a bond for the sum you owe me; there was three hundred due to me from the sums advanced to you by Mr. Chissel and myself, besides what was advanced to you by Mr. Abraham Modish, and for which you will only be charged for what he had receipts for; if you do not prepare a bond, insuring your life, your own proposal was in a letter to me about a year since at Edinburgh, I will no further be troubled, but shall desire Mr. Abraham Modish and Mr. Chissel to proceed against you, on their own account, as most of the money was advanced by them to you without my order. You requested, as an act of indulgence, in one of your letters to Edinburgh, that you

might settle with me, instead of with Mr. Abraham Modish or Mr. Chissel, and the return I have received from you for this and my other kindness, has been the most infamous, outrageous ingratitude, and wickedness. If therefore you do not immediately prepare to settle the business in the way I have stated, and which yourself proposed in your letter to me at Edinburgh, to execute a bond, and insure your life as a security, I shall desire Mr. Abraham Modish and Mr. Chissel to lose no further time in settling with you on their own account, and they will not shew you the unmerited lenity I have. You will therefore send me an immediate answer, by which I shall regulate my instructions to my solicitor.

I remain, &c. &c.

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer felt most severely the injustice of the accusations contained in his letter, but how to convince the Ba-

ronet of his error she did not know, as he was naturally too good and too just to act in the way he did, unless he was compelled to do so. If she had such sums as the solicitor and steward said, why would they not produce vouchers to prove their demand to be just, and meet her solicitor to settle the business? All this she once more expressed in a letter to Sir Timothy, and also got a gentleman to deliver her accounts to the Baronet, and settle with him; but the gentleman could not succeed. Mrs. Mortimer, about a week afterwards, was called down to attend Mr. Abraham Modish's clerk; he said he was sent to inform her, that if she did not consent to sign a bond for four hundred and ninety pounds, as monies due from her to Sir Timothy Flight, that the consequences would be to her the most lamentable. She demanded for what such a sum was asked of her; he said for her boy's school-bills, and various other articles, and that if she did not comply

the Brighton tradespeople should proceed against her. He was a little, dark, ill-looking fellow, whose countenance alone would condemn him in any court of justice; his name, Zacharia Smouch. She told him that she should write to the Baronet on the subject, which she did, representing the injustice of the proceedings. She was first threatened to be arrested for two hundred and ninety pounds; Mr. Abraham Modish next made a demand on her for four hundred pounds; and his clerk now insisted on a bond for four hundred and ninety pounds. Sir Timothy replied as follows:—

Brighton.

Madam,

It seems to be, as I expected it would turn out, that any lenity of mine towards you would be thrown away. If I had any intention of doing any thing to to serve you, you seem to do every thing you can, to prevent me, by recurring to

the same disgusting conduct, the same train of disgusting falsehoods as formerly. On examining the accounts you sent to me here, there was due to me, chiefly by the sums of money advanced to you by Mr. Chissel, three hundred pounds; Mr. Abraham Modish, I think, one hundred and fifty. The bond, when completed, will of course only be to the amount that your own receipts to Mr. Abraham Modish proves, in addition to the three hundred. I desire you not to trouble me with any letters till the bond, &c. is complete. I had better, I believe, have left Mr. Chissel and Mr. Abraham Modish to settle with you, and not have troubled myself. You had better however take this serious warning, if you shuffle any longer I shall desire them to settle with you on their own account, as the sums they advanced you were without my order, and if so, you will find the consequences very lamentable. You must therefore either send immediately

for Mr. Abraham Modish's clerk and conduct the business, else it will be concluded in a way you will find much more unpleasant.

I remain, &c. &c,

TIMOTHY FLIGHT.

Mrs. Mortimer found it was impossible to convince the Baronet that she had never had the sums of Mr. Abraham Modish or Mr. Chissel which they had told him they had advanced. She had expended, in paying Mr. Wedgewood for china, &c. and Mr. Bell, linen-draper, &c. the money advanced to her, which she had their bills and receipts to prove. Her situation could not be more lamentable than it was; she expected all her children home for the holidays; she had no place to receive them in, or money to procure any; she wrote repeatedly to Mrs. Dart, the brandy merchant, to have an account of the articles which she had seized of her's for rent, but she took no

notice of the request; however, Mr. B— and Mr. Minerva interfered, and she sent up the childrens' clothes and a few common gowns of Mrs. Mortimer's, but all the best she detained, and at last her daughter wrote to say that Mrs. Dart had bought every thing in, and that when Mrs. Mortimer could send her the amount she should have them. This was the only account that she had of her property, added to which she did not take the house of Mrs. Dart, but of her niece. The agreement was to pay at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds per year, from the first of September, 1809, to the nineteenth of June, 1810. Thirty-six guineas Mrs. Mortimer had already paid of the rent, and Mrs. Dart siezed for the remainder on the twenty-first of May, 1810, although the time did not expire as has been mentioned till the nineteenth of June. The agreement ran thus :—

I agree to take No. 1, Dorset Grove, from the first of September, 1809,

to the nineteenth of June, 1810, ready furnished, at one hundred and ten guineas.

Signed, HUBERTINE MORTIMER,
M. A. DART.

Mrs. Mortimer heard no more from the Baronet, till she was informed that Mr. Zacharia Smouch had brought a bond for her to sign; she sent word that she was engaged, and desired he would leave it. She took it to her solicitor, and it proved to be a bond for four hundred and forty pounds, but not mentioning for why or wherefore he desired her on no account to sign it, and to tell Mr. Zacharia Smouch, in presence of a witness, that she would not sign that bond as she was not in debt to Sir Timothy Flight, but as she had no money to engage in a law-suit, if a bond was drawn specifying that all her bills at Brighton should be paid, and her son continue at Dr. Johns' school till properly educated, she would sign such a bond, made payable at the expiration of

five years. Her solicitor thought, in giving this advice, that in that time the Baronet would be convinced who were his friends, consequently that the bond would never be put in force.

When Mr. Zacharia Smouch came, Mrs. Mortimer, in the presence of a witness, repeated what her solicitor had directed; upon which the little being flew into a great rage, and told her if she did not sign it she would repent, as the consequences would be most lamentable.

His threats were soon put into execution, as not long after she was arrested by two of the Brighton tradespeople, for which she immediately gave bail, and wrote to one of her creditors, Mr. Plumb in North-street, mentioning exactly her situation; that she was incapable of paying her debts, but that she was willing to do any thing which he could point out to satisfy the tradespeople, by giving up the half of her pension of sixty pounds per annum till the whole was discharged.

This gentleman behaved in the handsomest manner; he called a meeting of the tradespeople, and afterwards wrote to her that if she would trust to his honour, and come to Brighton, no one should molest her, as on the spot she could better settle with her creditors than at a distance; to this she agreed.

A few days before she set off for Sussex, she was called on by a Mr. Cheshire of Newgate-street; he was nephew of the person from whom Mr. Chissel had taken the house in which she resided, in High-street; he said he came with a professional gentleman to request her attendance at the Sussex Assizes, as Mr. Chissel had never paid the rent of that house or returned the key; that Chissel had called upon Mr. Cheshire about a year back, and desired that he would apply to Mrs. Mortimer for the rent, to which he replied, that he could not think of so doing as that lady had not taken the house; upon which Mr. Chissel said that if he would

frighten her she would pay it, for that she should not remain long in Brighton. Mr. Cheshire, instead of molesting Mrs. Mortimer for the rent, demanded it of Mr. Chissel, who denied ever taking the house or having the key. An action was now brought to recover the rent, &c. and they wished Mrs. Mortimer to appear, but she entreated, if possible, to be excused, as appearing in a court of justice would be very painful to her feelings, and as they found some witnesses who could answer better, she was excused. These witnesses proved that Mr. Chissel had took the house, that Mrs. Mortimer was not even present, that her maid delivered the key to Mr. Chissel, and his own servant proved that he locked it up for some months, and after Mrs. Mortimer left Brighton, sent her to throw the key into her house: this she could not accomplish, upon which she knocked at the door, and threw the key in, but it was immediately thrown after her, and what became of it

she did not know. It may easily be imagined the impression such a trial made on the minds of all present ; it clearly proved that Mr. Abraham Modish and Mr. Chissel would stop at nothing either to injure or persecute Mrs. Mortimer, or to play into each others hands. The rent of the house was one hundred guineas, but the damage done to the furniture one hundred and fifty more, and the expence of the law-suit upwards of two hundred ; all this came out of Sir Timothy Flight's pocket.

Mrs. Mortimer was accompanied by a lady to Brighton, as she did not like going alone. They arrived on a Sunday evening, and they soon got into a small lodging on the West Cliff.

CHAP. V.

“ Oppress’d with grief, oppress’d with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh :
O life! thou art a galling load,
A long, a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!”

As soon as Mrs. Mortimer arrived at Brighton, she sent her son with a letter to Sir Timothy Flight to inform him on what account she had come to Brighton; that she felt it her duty to her children to clear up her character, as from the manner in which she had been driven from Sussex, she had appeared in a very unfavourable light to the people in general, therefore she should be compelled to shew the Baronet’s letters to prove

what were her expectations when she gave up her Town residence, and removed to Brighton. Lutterel Mortimer was refused admittance to the Baronet, and the letter was returned. Mrs. Mortimer soon after met Mr. Black, the coal-merchant, and he very civilly offered to deliver any message, &c. at Sir Timothy's, on which she gave him the note, but it was again refused. This being the case, she deferred meeting her creditors for two days, as she did not wish to expose the Baronet, if she could possibly avoid it. It had been the desire of her relations and friends, from the first, that all his correspondence should be published; but she would not consent to this, in the hope that he would take courage, act for himself, and consequently do her justice; she therefore wished him to know what was going forward. The next morning the lady who accompanied her to Sussex called at Sir Timothy's house, but she was informed that no person was admitted to

his presence, or any letters taken in. Mrs. Mortimer then applied to one of the gentlemen who keeps a library at Brighton, and Mr. Pedestrian very kindly gave the letter to the Baronet; but as no notice was taken of it, at the appointed time she met her creditors, and entered into a bond to allow them the half of her income, till the whole of their demands was paid. They all behaved very handsomely to her, and after this was settled she produced Sir Timothy Flight's letters. They read them, and only one sentiment prevailed, that she had been most cruelly persecuted for having done her duty. They said that they knew many of the articles which she had engaged now to pay for were for the Baronet's houses; that it was only justice to herself to make public such treatment; that if she would open subscriptions, and advertise the causes which had reduced her to such indigence, they would receive donations at their houses; and a clause

was entered in the agreement, which was signed, to secure thirty pounds per annum to her creditors, that she should endeavour to raise a subscription, and the half of such contributions should go to liquidate her debts.

The next day she took such steps as she thought proper to set a subscription on foot, but this coming to the knowledge of the Baronet, he went to Mr. Plumb to request that he would desire Mrs. Mortimer to stop such proceedings, and that every thing should be settled. She assured Mr. Plumb that it was very disagreeable to her to be compelled to do any thing which could hurt Sir Timothy's feelings; that she would immediately comply with his wishes, which she did, by forbidding any thing for the present being done towards soliciting the public in her favour. She was grieved to find that the Baronet resided with women of notorious character; that he had no respectable society; was deeply in debt;

and that his solicitors said they were obliged to grant annuities on Sir Timothy's estates. Every body pitied this young man, as he was in the high road to ruin, and every person wondered that his relations did not endeavour to save him from designing villains. Mr. Modish bragged to every one that his client was many thousands in his debt; and report said that he was soon to be married to Miss Shark, as her mother had got a promise from the Baronet to that effect, which she was come down to see fulfilled. Mrs. Mortimer was extremely concerned to hear all this, especially as she knew that Sir Timothy Flight was naturally of a good disposition; and was convinced, that when permitted to come to himself and reflect, he would be shocked to find how she had been persecuted, because she would not join to defraud him. It was impossible, she thought, that a man, who once possessed every great and noble

virtue, could be so debased as he now was to all appearance.

As to Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Modish and family, they were the laugh and detestation of Brighton. Miss Charlotte Modish had been endeavouring to captivate the Colonel of Dragoons; but as that gentleman had some taste, he had chosen a different lady, and poor Miss Charlotte, at forty years of age, with upwards, as reported, of forty thousand pounds, dressed, frisked, and sung—to herself—for no person seemed inclined to rob her dear papa and mamma of their gentle daughter. Not so with old Abraham Modish: one of his sons fell in love with the amiable daughter of a respectable officer. This gentleman had been a colonel in the army: he was brave, and of strict honour; but having little besides his pay, his circumstances were embarrassed, and Mr. Abraham Modish begged that his dear friend would make

use of his purse, and that he could pay him when perfectly convenient to himself, as so trifling a sum was of no consequence, even the loss of it could not be felt by him. The Colonel accepted this offer, and not many weeks after, Mr. Abraham Modish demanded this gentleman's daughter for his son. The Colonel said he had no objection, provided such a proposal was agreeable to his child, but she alone must decide. The lady was accordingly applied to for her consent; but her repugnance to a union with either Mr. Alexander or Mr. Symphony Modish was such, that she would have preferred death to accepting either of them. Mr. Abraham Modish was so exasperated at this, that he immediately arrested the father for the sum which he had forced on him, concluding that this brave son of Mars would sacrifice his child to secure his own safety; but such was the man that he had to deal with, that he would rather have terminated his

existence in the most loathsome prison, than have consented for his daughter to have become the bride of a Modish.

Mrs. Mortimer naturally concluded that all her accounts would now be settled, as she could not suppose that the Baronet would forfeit his word, but she was delivered this letter :

Madam,

You may remember that sometime ago I had occasion to write you upon an affair respecting some accounts between yourself and Sir Timothy Flight. I wished then to have interfered more as a friend than as a professional man, and felt a pleasure in a supposition that I could have rendered a service by my interference. I need not remind you of the cause which rendered my services abortive. I am sorry to say that I am again placed in a similar situation to what I stood in when I before addressed you, in having a most unpleasant commission

to execute. But as I am far from being desirous from wielding the weapon intrusted to me, without first attempting an honourable and amicable arrangement, may I request the favour of you immediately to have the goodness to call at our office, that the business may be fully entered into and explained, assuring you that no disadvantage from your attendance will arise. I am,

Madam, your most obedient servant,

JAMES BATCH.

Princes-place, 1811.

Mrs. Mortimer saw that the same method was now adopted to frighten her out of Brighton, as had been made use of the year preceding; for she had been told by a professional gentleman that no writ had been taken out against her, when she was before threatened to be arrested. She immediately waited on Mr. Batch, who told her that Sir Timothy Flight desired that he would arrest her,

without giving her notice of such a proceeding, but this was never done in his office ; that he wished to know the cause of litigation, for which he was employed. Mrs. Mortimer related every occurrence that had taken place between herself and the Baronet, when Mr. Batch asked permission to see her accounts, Sir Timothy Flight's letters, &c. to which she had no objection ; and the following day he called on her, and saw all the papers, bills, receipts, &c. upon which he waited on Sir Timothy Flight to say that he had seen the letter, &c. that he advised him to have every thing settled, as assuredly the balance was in Mrs. Mortimer's favour. The Baronet replied that he had just had a letter from Mr. Abraham Modish, who desired that he would swear to a debt of four hundred pounds, and that he would make out an account to that amount. Mr. Batch told Sir Timothy, that having seen the letters, accounts, &c. he should not do him justice to accept of such an

affidavit, unless that he could prove to him that he had some just claim on Mrs. Mortimer; to which he said that he would swear immediately to that sum. Mr. Batch declined receiving the affidavit; and upon Mrs. Mortimer hearing what had passed, she again took active measures to interest the public to contribute to the relief of herself and helpless infants. In the middle of the night she was much alarmed at hearing a violent knocking at the door, and a man's voice demanding admittance to the person who lodged there. Mrs. Mortimer and her friend were dreadfully frightened; for they thought that sheriff's officers were come, and they entreated that the door might not be opened; but when they discovered that it was Mr. Plumb and Mr. Pedestrian, they arose, and admitted them. These gentlemen had come from the Baronet to tell Mrs. Mortimer that if she would permit Mr. Pedestrian, and another gentleman, to read his letters,

and see the accounts, if they said that they were really his hand-writing, and that she had been ill used, every thing should be immediately settled, provided that she did not solicit the attention of the public to what had passed, as she proposed. Mrs. Mortimer gave the same answer which she had before done to Mr. Batch, and the next day the gentlemen came, and saw the correspondence, &c. &c. Their opinion was, that if Sir Timothy Flight had any consideration for his own honour, he would immediately settle every thing, as they thought that Mrs. Mortimer had been cruelly persecuted. Mr. Pedestrian said that he was sure the Baronet wished every thing settled ; but he said, if Sir Timothy did, Mr. Abraham Modish and Mr. Chissel would be angry with him. Mrs. Mortimer desired the gentlemen to inform Sir Timothy, that as he employed Mr. Batch for his solicitor, she would apply to Mr. Mount, and that whatever those gentlemen thought

proper, she would abide by; and provided that they could not settle it to the Baronet's satisfaction, then it might be referred to Serjeant R—, who was then in Brighton.

She now once more flattered herself that every thing would be settled, and that she should be able to have a home for her children, and exert her abilities for their support; instead of which, she was informed that Sir Timothy Flight had sworn to a debt of one hundred and thirty pounds; upon which she wrote to him, expressing that she knew what he had done, saying that she was sensible he was compelled by his solicitors to act as he then did; that she knew he was in their power; but she begged him to believe that she was always ready to prove herself his sincere friend, by extricating him from their clutches, for Mrs. Mortimer really felt for Sir Timothy. She was told by his opposite neighbours that he walked to and fro in his room, wring-

ing his hands, and crying dreadfully, and that the virago who resided with him threw things at his head. Thus this accomplished and amiable young man was miserable and sacrificed, by falling into the hands of wretches who took advantage of his nervous sensations to keep him at variance with his respectable relations and plunder him.

Mrs. Mortimer determined to leave Sussex immediately, and was preparing for that purpose, when a man entered and said he had a warrant for her. It was in the evening, and being dark, she requested to know for what, but received no answer. Candles were brought, when she discovered the person who brought it to be Mr. Snip, a taylor in St. James's-street, who had abused her so unmercifully the night she was driven out of Brighton, and who swore he would cut the traces if they offered to take her out of the town. She really turned quite sick at seeing this man, and dreaded to

peruse any paper of which he was the bearer: however, it was necessary to see the contents, which were as follow:—

Sussex } To the Constables and Head-boroughs of
to wit. } the Hundred of Walesbone, in the said
County.

“ These are in his Majesty’s name to require you, on sight hereof, to summon Hubertine Mortimer, of Brighthelmstone, in the said county, widow, personally to appear before his Majesty’s Justices of the Peace, acting in and for the said county, at the Star Inn, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of May instant, at the hour of eleven in the forenoon of the same day, to answer the complaint of Sir Timothy Flight, of Brighthelmstone, in the said county, Baronet, for having on the twenty-eighth day of April instant, whilst he, the said Sir Timothy Flight, was sitting quietly at dinner in his front parlour, approached close towards the window, and loudly vociferated the name of Mrs. Mortimer, and thereby greatly

disturbed and disquieted him in his said dwelling house; and also that the said Hubertine Mortimer may become bound and with surety for her good behaviour in future.

“Herein fail you not. Given under our hands and seals at Lewes, aforesaid, the twenty-ninth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eleven.

“Signed, PAPERSKULL and
SHALLOWPATE.”

After reading this curious composition, no one present could contain their laughter. It was evident that the low companions with whom the Baronet associated had prevailed upon him to take this measure to detain Mrs. Mortimer in Sussex till a writ could be sent from London, as Mr. Batch had declined having any thing to do in the business. Sir Timothy's affidavit was therefore forwarded to Mr. Abraham Modish, and Mrs. Mortimer sent the summons to a solicitor in

Brighton, to know what was to be done with it, as she was totally unacquainted with this respectable branch of the law: all she could say in answer was, that she could prove she had not been even near the Baronet's house at the time mentioned, or was it probable that she should vociferate her own name. She was told that she might, if she pleased, put the summons in the fire.

It must be concluded that such continual persecution affected Mrs. Mortimer's health; she however endeavoured to bear with firmness the trials she was destined to suffer, but her strength was not equal to her wishes, and she was fearful from the repeated agitation which she experienced that she should again be confined by severe indisposition.

It was evident that Mr. Abraham Modish would not let her remain peaceably in Brighton; that he wished to place her in a jail, otherwise why not meet a respectable professional man to settle the matter in dispute.

On the morning that she was to return to London, the good woman with whom Mrs. Mortimer lodged told her that the constable had desired her not to let her lodger leave the house without informing him, as Sir Timothy Flight wished to detain her in Brighton : the poor creature felt for her, and she desired that she would depart immediately, and she would make some excuse to the constable for not having complied with his orders ; but Mrs. Mortimer desired that the gentleman might be immediately sent for. She was surprised to see such a respectable looking man, and requested to know by whose authority he was to detain her in Sussex. He said that the Baronet had desired him to inform her that she must remain to attend the summons at Lewes ; upon which she told the constable that if he choose to prevent her returning to London she certainly should obey his orders ; but she candidly informed him that he should be answerable for any unjust pro-

ceedings. This gentleman seemed perfectly ashamed of his embassy, and desired that she would follow her own inclination : of course she did not remain long in a place which was again in an uproar, from the public being made acquainted with the events which had recently taken place between her and Sir Timothy Flight.

She felt herself much obliged to Mr. Pedestrian and Mr. Plumb for the handsome manner in which they behaved by endeavouring to settle every thing amicably between herself and the Baronet, and they were now convinced that no dependance could be placed on him : they felt that they had been ill-treated, by his so repeatedly promising that the accounts of Mrs. Mortimer should be settled, which he only did to gain time to receive instructions from Mr. Abraham and Alexander Modish, as he had not a will of his own, being entirely under their command ; and their friend Mr. Chissel was gone

into the north, and could not assist them. On Mrs. Mortimer's arrival in Town she had a consultation of several professional gentlemen, and they decided that if she had six or seven hundred pounds to engage in a law-suit, they should advise her immediately to commence an action against Sir Timothy Flight: his letters would prove that some agreement had been made respecting her going to Brighton; and he also had engaged to educate her son; had desired that he might be placed at the Reverend Dr. Johns' school, in Kensington; had sanctioned his being there, by himself fetching the boy home and returning him to his school: it also was evident that Mrs. Mortimer had unlimited credit to draw on the Baronet's bankers, should she find herself in any pecuniary difficulties, since the year 1806; and many in her situation would have availed themselves of such an order: consequently a British court would see that she was

persecuted by the recommendation of Mr. Abraham Modish, as he saw that she would not connive at defrauding Sir Timothy Flight: the former considering that she was a dangerous person to have near the Baronet, and measures of course were taken for her removal.

Mrs. Mortimer knew that Sir Timothy Flight had sent the affidavit to Mr. Abraham Modish, and she was convinced she had nothing to expect from his humanity, but every thing to fear from his vengeance: therefore she took a single room in a court near St. Martin's church, till she could determine what method she had best pursue.

Her eldest son was with her; he had been nearly six months from Dr. Johns, as the bills owing for his schooling amounted to one hundred and thirty pounds, and forty pounds were also due for Edmund. Mrs. Mortimer had therefore only this alternative, she must either raise a subscription, or see her children

starve; and her two girls must come home, as she could not afford to pay for their remaining at school. The youngest son had been some time with an officer of the Royal Marine Artillery; but it was impossible that he could remain much longer with that gentleman.

She was advised to write to Mr. Abraham Modish again, to offer to refer every thing to arbitration; and a lady of great respectability undertook to deliver the letter, and speak to him on the subject.

When Mrs. Rochets gave the letter and mentioned from whom it came, Mr. Abraham Modish flew into a violent rage; he threw the letter from him, then trampled on it, saying, "Woman, who, and what are you?" She quietly replied, "I am, Sir, a female," thinking that such a reply would bring his recollection to him, and that he would feel the impropriety of behaving in such a manner before a lady: upon which he

pulled a bell with great vehemence, when his factotum and clerk, Mr. Zacharia Smouch, made his appearance. "Take notice," said old Modish, "that this woman has come here to insult me : fetch a constable immediately."

Mrs. Rochets was so terrified that she took her leave, when he desired his clerk to follow her wherever she went.

As she came out of the Temple, she made a sign for the person who had accompanied her, on no account either to join or take any notice of her, for she was resolved to lead Mr. Zacharia Smouch a pretty dance, and still he should not know where she resided. Accordingly she set off about two o'clock in the day, and walked till past six from one street into another in hopes of seeing some place where she should give the clerk the slip : turning a street, the corner of London-wall, she saw a very respectable looking man standing at a cheesemonger's shop : she said softly to this man, "For God

sake protect me !” He saw that she was followed by an ill-looking fellow, and replied, “ Pass on to the parlour :” this she did, and she saw Mr. Zacharia Smouch peeping from a watch-box, to see her make her appearance. Upon explaining her situation to the persons who had given her protection, the woman of the house advised her disguising herself. She was dressed in deep widow’s mourning, which she exchanged for a coloured pellisse and bonnet, with a long shawl, and she had the pleasure of passing Mr. Smouch ; no wonder he did not recollect her, for when she returned home, none of her family recognized her till she spoke. Mrs. Rochets informed Mrs. Mortimer that Mr. Abraham Modish had sworn in the most dreadful manner, that he would make an example of her, and that he would commence a criminal prosecution against her ; she said she never before beheld such a horrible looking wretch ; he appeared

choaked by pride and passion, and capable of any act of vengeance. When Mrs. Mortimer's friends heard this, they recommended her leaving town for some weeks, for they were fearful that close confinement would injure her health. She passed this period with a very charming agreeable widow lady in Essex, but finding that no inquiries had been made for her during her absence, she concluded, that, as before, they only meant to frighten her, therefore by the advice of her friends she returned to the lady who had treated her with such sisterly affection when she was ill, and who had on all occasions proved herself a most sincere and disinterested friend. They also desired that Mrs. Mortimer would pluck up courage, and face her enemies ; that she would write to a friend in Brighton to obtain two persons to become bail for her, in case she should be arrested there, and that her friends in Town would indemnify them ; that she

should go immediately herself to Brighton, open a subscription, and expose all the Baronet's letters, &c. &c. and if they commenced an action, then that she should defend it, as it was clear that they persecuted Mrs. Mortimer because she was a poor unprotected widow, who had not money to engage in a law-suit, or male relations to take her part.

She did as her friends recommended, but she found that a person of Sir Timothy Flight's fortune had great influence over the tradespeople in Brighton, to several of whom he was deeply in debt, and they were afraid of offending him, by opening subscriptions at their houses for the persecuted widow ; consequently she determined to endeavour, by writing a novel, to procure a sum sufficient to pay a person for his trouble and expences to go to Brighton, when the season was full, and to open a subscription for herself and helpless children.

She heard that at this time Mr.

Abraham Modish and all his amiable family were in great trouble ; the granddaughter who they had taken under their protection had ran off with the half-pay officer that Miss Charlotte Modish had designed to honour with her person and fortune, provided she could not do better. Mr. Abraham Modish's nephew, being a young man of spirit, and good principles, could not submit to remain in a family whose conduct he could not sanction, without doing violence to his own honour, and who treated him as a dependant ; therefore he accepted the situation of clerk to a very respectable solicitor in Finsbury-square, to whom he was related.

In short, it seemed that the period was now arrived when Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Modish must give up their ill-gotten wealth, and return to the neighbourhood of Islington, for the Hamburgh mail brought intelligence that a nephew of the late Mrs. Quadru-

ped was soon coming to England, to investigate the affairs of his deceased relative. Sir Timothy Flight began to suspect that old Modish was indeed a wolf in-sheep's clothing, and consulted a gentleman of eminence, who convinced him that persons who kept him at variance with his relations, with the impression that they wished to confine him, must be designing villains, as unless he committed some act of violence, it was impossible in this free country, whose laws are the admiration of the world, that any subject could be deprived of his liberty, without ample cause being proved that such a measure was necessary. But the persecuted Mrs. Mortimer was still an object of the greatest commiseration, for she was incapable of doing any thing for the support of her family. Her good friend, Mr. Edward Stanton, had got her sons placed on the foundation of a public school, and the master had given

her permission to establish a boarding-house for young gentlemen belonging to that seminary; but although the benevolent and humane friend of mankind, who severed the chains of slavery, generously assisted Mrs. Mortimer, yet she could not raise sufficient to engage in such an establishment, nor could she place her sons on that excellent foundation, as the expence of their board would far exceed the whole of her income. She was therefore compelled to exert herself to support her children, by again returning to needle-work, but the relapse of our beloved monarch put a stop once more to all fancy dresses, which prevented Mrs. Mortimer from obtaining employment.

Her reliance therefore rested upon the Supreme Disposer of all human events, that he would extend his mercy to her beloved children, being perfectly convinced that those who endeavour to merit his bounty, will never plead in

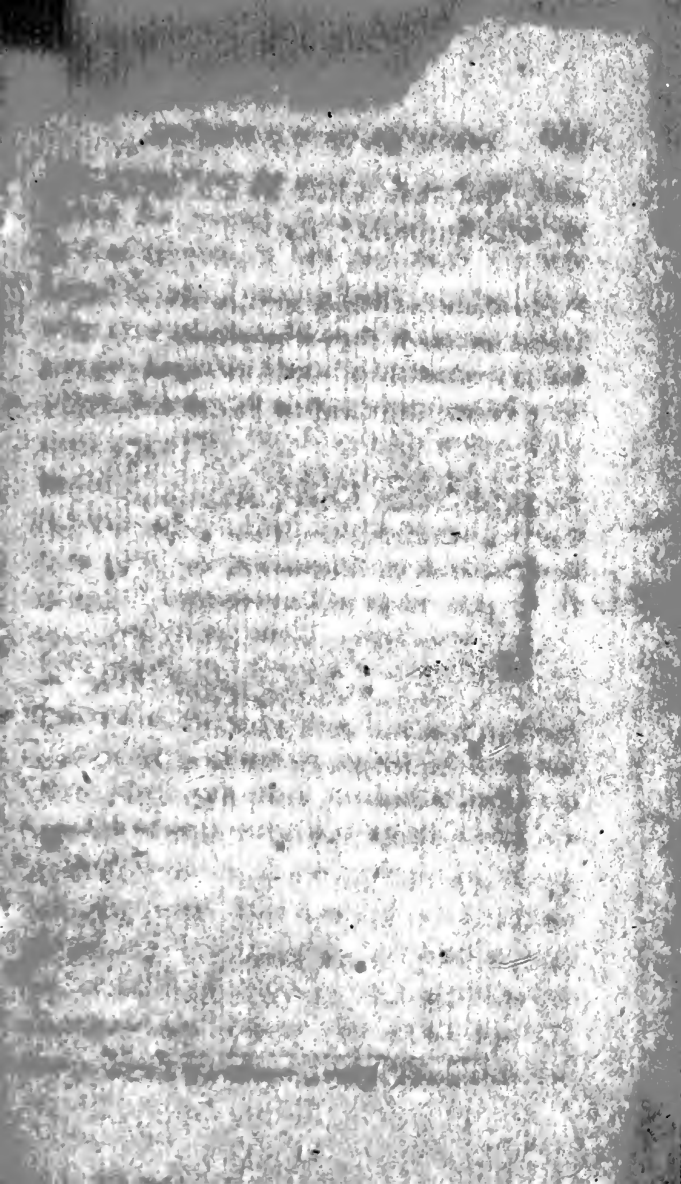
200 BRIGHTON IN AN UPROAR.

vain, and that when he chastises, it is
for wise purposes ; for

Not prudence can defend, or virtue save ;
Disease invades the chastest temperance ;
And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm
Thro' thickest shades pursues the sound of peace :
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name ;
Our very wishes gives us not our wish ;
How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
From that for which we doat—felicity !
The smoothest course of nature has its pains,
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest ;
Without misfortune, what calamities !
And what hostilities without a foe !
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.—

YOUNG.

THE END.







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